

COUNTRY LIFE

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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE TRUE VALUE OF LAND

WITH the Scottish Lord Advocate introducing a Bill into Parliament for the determination of land values, and other measures already before Parliament in which this is a cardinal point, it is clear and evident that the question has now lost its abstract character. On it depends the agrarian legislation which the present Government is submitting and even much legislation that is not strictly agrarian in character. If there is to be any such proposal carried as involves compulsory purchase, it will be necessary to form a definition of the manner in which the value of land is to be arrived at. Obviously, that fixed by the haggling of the market cannot be accepted. The rough-and-ready means by which a landowner usually ascertains the value of his property is by putting it up for sale. The competitors probably bid from very different motives. One may value the land from a horticultural standpoint, another from an agricultural. A third may have his eye on its suitability for building, and a fourth dream of building a factory upon it. Like anybody who has anything else to sell, the owner selects the offer which is most advantageous to himself, and that constitutes the value of the land as far as he is concerned. But it is very doubtful if, under any circumstances, these considerations would be weighed by official valuers. In the first place, it is difficult to ascertain them. Suppose, for example, that houses and shops are built on the property. These may have suffered either a depreciation or a rise in value since the last sale took place. Mr. Chamberlain invented the phrase "unearned increment" to describe the enhancement in value

which arises from situation, but he had no right to confine this phrase to land values.

Suppose, for example, that a man were to purchase for the decoration of his house a picture painted by an artist of the day with no great reputation. He hangs it in his rooms, and may possibly be very well content with his bargain. But that picture is very unlikely to remain for any considerable length of time at its original or any fixed value. If for any reason reputation should come to the artist, the owner will find himself able to sell the work at a much greater price than he paid for it. This, as far as he is concerned, is unearned increment, and if the doctrines of the Socialist were to be applied, it should be deducted from what he receives. On the other hand, what is much more likely to happen is that the artist will lose what little reputation he had at the beginning, and the picture will become of less value in the market. That is unearned "decrement." But if we are going to take from a man that which he has obtained without earning, it seems to follow logically that we should reimburse him for what he has lost without any fault of his own. The proposition need only be stated in this way to show its absurdity. What an extraordinary world it would be if the prices of all articles, whether of furniture, of art, or of utility, were fixed and determined! If the Socialist but knew it, it is the variety that lends vitality and interest to life. Besides, it is a strong incentive to intellectual activity. The man who gives an extraordinary price may generally be reckoned to have in his head some scheme by means of which he can, in the language of the vulgar, "get his own back." Thus he exercises his ingenuity, and the event which the Socialist deplures is in reality the greatest stimulant to progress. When extreme speakers get on a platform and hold forth about the iniquity of what they are pleased to call "unearned increment," they forget altogether the striving energy of which this increment was the result. It would be very interesting to hear them attempt to show any blemish in the parallelism between the picture and the land. He who buys the land in the beginning, whatever his object may be, does so at a venture. In the seventies, for example, there were many thousands of worthy citizens who, having amassed a little money out of trade or business, bought land with it, because in those days it was believed that "Mr. Greenfields" gave the best of all security. Many of these people paid from £40 to £100 for land that they meant to devote to the ordinary purposes of agriculture, and as things were going on at the time their reckoning would have seemed safe and prudent.

We could give a considerable number of concrete examples of men who actually invested their money in this way and thought at the time that it was as good as if they had bought Consols; but the depression came, and the land went down in value to such an extent that some of those little estates, especially in Norfolk and Suffolk, were eventually sold for less than was paid to put up the outbuildings on them. We remember being present at the sale of a small piece of land near Wisbeach, that was sold in the early years of the depression at £10 an acre. This represented a dead loss. But shortly afterwards someone discovered that this very same land was admirably suited to the growth of fruit and vegetables, with the result that it once more sprang up in value, and the present writer, by a curious accident, was present when the land was once more sold by auction, this time fetching a little more than £100 per acre. Here was a fluctuation in value which it is difficult to deal with. Of course, where building is carried out, the fluctuation is often still more violent, more especially when the site chosen is that of some new town or suburb. No prophet can tell beforehand whether the community in which it is situated will be a flourishing or a decaying one. Our London suburbs themselves point the moral. At one time they were increasing in value far beyond what was expected by the original builder; but now many houses are standing quite empty, and the rents charged for them have to be placed at an exceptionally low figure before tenants can be attracted. It is neither the fault of the original builder nor of the present owner, but of the fashion which has set in of living out in the country. Here we have a decrease in value for which the owner cannot be held responsible. This is rather a chat round about this subject than an examination of it; but what we say cannot but lead to reflection on the part of those who have too readily accepted the doctrine laid down by the Lord Advocate of Scotland.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Cadogan. Mrs. Arthur Cadogan is a daughter of the Rev. Livingstone Fenton, and married in 1888 the Hon. Arthur Cadogan, a brother of Earl Cadogan.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



• NOTES •

THE scenes that occurred at the Chicago and New York wheat pits on Monday are calculated to give rise to serious thought on the part of Europeans. The occasion was a sudden rise in the price of wheat owing to a report that the United States harvest was likely to be a most unsatisfactory one. We are told that when the price reached 4s. the Chicago wheat pit was filled with shrieking, dishevelled men, who discarded hats and coats and even waistcoats in their frenzy. The galleries overlooking the floor were occupied by excited farmers and their wives, and the cheering which continued as the price steadily advanced was deafening. Should the report that the winter wheat crop is proving a failure be true, no doubt it will more than account for all the excitement that has been caused.

What will strike the philosophic onlooker about it all is the exaltation of the Americans at the movement which will to a very serious extent heighten the cost of living throughout the world. It will be remembered that during the wheat scare which occurred about five or six years ago the hungry people in Italy and one or two other countries were led to riot. In Great Britain we have so long been accustomed to cheap and abundant food that any considerable rise in the price of wheat, though it would benefit the farmers, would come with a very great shock to the country at large. There are people still living who remember the time when white bread was a luxury even for the fairly rich. To-day it is so common as to be squandered and thrown about by the poor; but it may always happen to a country depending on foreigners for its food supply that the price will go up tremendously and cause a corresponding amount of suffering on that part of the population which is only just able to find subsistence for itself.

The reason generally given for the expected shortage of the wheat crop is the extremely cold weather and the absence of moisture in the wheat-growing States of the West. A Government report has been issued dealing with the conditions on May 1st, and in this it is shown that in eleven States, which among them raise eighty-two per cent. of the entire wheat crop, there is a shortage of 78,000,000 bushels as compared with last year. Of the entire crop planted last December, eleven per cent. has been destroyed. Since the issue of the report of May 1st, the conditions have become worse than ever, as there have been several bad frosts, no sunshine and only a little rain, while from Texas and Oklahoma a strange and injurious parasite is reported. Of course, this report is an extremely early one, and as has been shown in previous years, the prognostication it embodies may easily be upset should the weather become more propitious.

The first annual report of the Inspector under the Aliens Act shows that this much-debated measure has been productive of some interesting results. It appears that after deduction has been made for successful appeals there was a total of 493 persons—382 males, 69 females and 42 dependents—to whom leave to land was finally refused. Of these final rejections 360 were for want of means and 133 on medical grounds. In an appendix to the inspector's report it is shown that the number of aliens who received Poor Law relief in London and certain provincial unions was 6,050, while the number sent to lunatic

asylums was 266. The majority of those receiving relief were Russians and Poles. On reading the figures most people, we imagine, will regret only that they are not more considerable. If over 6,000 people have to be relieved in London, it would seem that more than 500 persons should have been prohibited from landing.

The expulsion of aliens is dealt with in the second part of the Blue Book. During the first year of the operation of the Act the Secretary of State received 448 recommendations for the expulsion of convicted aliens, and in due course he made these orders in 287 cases. The number of aliens in prison went on increasing until the year 1905, when a considerable drop occurred; and the reporter goes on to say: "This change—perhaps the shadow of the coming Aliens Act—was continued and accelerated in 1906, the first year of the operation of the Act. The total number of convicted persons received into prison in that year fell by 6·32 per cent., while the number of aliens among them fell by 16·85 per cent.—from 4,098 to 3,399—leaving the proportion of aliens to the total number at 1·85 per cent., the lowest figures since 1899." It has to be noted that the Scottish and Irish figures do not show the same tendency as the English.

THE NEW MOON IN MAY.

The new moon in May—
She brings strange things to pass,
Sets mushrooms in the grass
And plumes the lilac's spray.
She tells the growing corn
Of reapers not yet born,
She points the rose's thorn.
The tides her call obey.

She holds all laws in scorn.
Could Joshua make her stay?
She moulds the dreams of morn
And walks a ghost by day.
She's younger than the grass
Yet saw Isaiah pass,
Whose voice was sounding brass
Against her queenly sway.

The new moon in May
Shall be in men unborn
A song as glad as morn,
Dispersing black and grey.
Uplift shall be her horn
Until the Fates display
To-morrow in To-day,
As 'twere a root uproot.

NORA CHESSON.

A very remarkable lesson can be drawn from the report of the Metropolitan Asylum Board issued on May 13th. They refer particularly to that portion of it which deals with the treatment of diphtheria by anti-toxin serum. Before the introduction of this treatment in 1893 the death-rate was 30·4 per cent., but this has been steadily reduced. However, the figures to which we wish to draw attention are those which show how much the cure depends upon the earliness of the treatment. At one of the hospitals a record has been kept of the mortality rates according to the day of disease on which the anti-toxin serum treatment commenced, and the result shows that of 235 cases treated on the first day of the disease not a single case died. Those who delayed treatment till the second day of the disease incurred a death-rate of 4·3 per cent. When it was put off to the third day 11·12 per cent. died. Of the cases treated on the fourth day 17·2 per cent. died, and of those whose treatment began on the fifth 18·72 per cent. died. If ever figures showed anything in this world these warn those who have to do with diphtheria that promptness in taking advantage of this new treatment counts tremendously in their favour.

There were some extremely interesting things on exhibition at the Home Arts and Industries Association Show which was held at the Albert Hall last week. Perhaps the most striking were the examples of weaving done on South African farms. This industry, we are informed, was only started by Miss Emily Hobhouse during her visit, just after the war, and its spread and popularity in the Orange River Colony seem to have been quite remarkable. The principal features, however, of the exhibition were of home, that is to say of native British, manufactures, such as pottery from Mrs. Watts's studio, ironwork from Thernham in Norfolk, lace made in the manufactories in Buckinghamshire, embroidery worked by the fisher-girls at Newlyn and many other exhibits of a like kind. In very many cases the industries, which were at first started chiefly to give occupation to and foster an intelligent aesthetic interest in village classes, such as Mrs. Watts's pottery classes and those of Mrs. Ames-Lyde for ironwork, have developed into self-supporting industries of that best kind

which fulfils William Morris's ideal of work, namely, that which shall satisfy the soul and at the same time the material needs of the craftsman, without excessive labour. Toys, made by disabled soldiers and sailors, of whom no less than sixty are employed in this way, were another feature of the show.

In Joris Huysmans, France has lost a man of letters whose place in his generation was unique. He had begun his literary career in the school of Emile Zola, and prided himself on being a naturalist; but to the surprise of his friends he swung quite to the other extreme, and became in his later books a brooding mystic. "En Route" and "A Cathedral" were the offspring of this new development in the author's mind. The latest book that we remember to have read by him was one in which he devoted himself almost exclusively to the discussion of religious music; and this was very typical of the man who ended his life in a Trappist monastery. In the cant of the day it may be said he possessed the artistic temperament, though what the artistic temperament exactly is no one has yet been able to define; but he had the sensibilities, the alternate depressions and higher flights of a poet. We find him at one time in the very mire of Zolaism; at another, carried away to the heights of mysticism. His last act was to write his own obituary; but the life of so remarkable a man would be a worthy addition to French literature.

A notable figure in certain fields of sport is lost through the death, from pneumonia, of Mr. J. Cumming Macdonald. In early life a clergyman, with a cure not far from Hoylake, he was often golfing on that famous course. Later, he resigned Holy Orders and became a member of Parliament for the Rotherhithe Division from 1892 until the last General Election, when Mr. Carr-Gomm won his seat. He was an enthusiastic dog-lover, and for several years was a winner at Kennel Club field trials, owning among others a very famous Irish setter, Ranger, reputed to be the best dog of its time for field work. Principally, however, his name was associated with the St. Bernards, several of which he imported, and he to a certain degree created the vogue of these splendid dogs in England. His dog Tell, one of his own importations, was generally considered the finest St. Bernard in the country, and with this and other dogs he was in the habit for several years of winning the principal prizes at the St. Bernard Club Show and elsewhere.

It is reported that it has now been decided by the authorities to allow the headquarters of the Royal Scots Greys to remain at Edinburgh. While we were not disposed to join in a cry which placed considerations of sentiment above those of strategical efficiency, yet we are glad for several reasons that this historical regiment will continue to be permanently associated with the historical old Scottish capital. For recruiting purposes alone this may well be a wise decision at a time like the present, when, lower the standards as the War Office may, they are still unable to attract recruits in sufficient numbers for Mr. Haldane's scheme, or for the scheme of Mr. Anyone-else for the matter of that. The constant presence of the Household Troops in London in their showy uniforms has an effect which is sometimes overlooked, namely, that of reminding its citizens of the existence of an army, and further, of the need of keeping it up, and it is not too much to hope that the Scots Greys will perform the same duty by the citizens of Edinburgh.

It would appear that caravanning is likely to be popular during the coming holidays. The touring caravan, as readers of the articles that have appeared in our pages are well aware, is a much more complicated piece of mechanism than the old gipsy one, with which those who indulged in the amusement a few years ago were content. It contains all sorts of curious mechanisms for the purpose of making its inmates comfortable. It is specially recommended by the secretary of Touring Caravans as a vehicle for young couples spending their honeymoon. No doubt a caravan would suit this purpose admirably. It does not stand still so long that the couple would get wearied by rising to the same scene every morning, and yet it moves so slowly as scarcely to disturb the life within it. One can only hope that caravanning will be taken up by all who are in a position to appreciate its advantages.

Billiard players will be glad to hear that the association is taking active steps for the purpose of barring the anchor-stroke. A resolution embodying an alteration of the rule that will do away with the anchor-stroke and the pendulum-stroke will be brought up at the next meeting, and, no doubt, will be endorsed at the general meeting of the association. After what has occurred with the anchor-stroke, it was impossible that it should continue to be considered as a desirable feature of billiards. The very fact that several players had been able to make breaks of 20,000 by its means is in itself a condemnation. At any rate, spectators could scarcely be expected to gather for the purpose of hearing the

monotonous click-click, and watching the mechanical movements of the operator who happens to be scoring by this method. We regret the fact from one point of view, because it complicates a game which previously had the attraction of simplicity. It is said that at the same time a resolution is to be brought forward abolishing the rule which compels the balls to be spotted when the player's ball is in contact with another. This is scarcely so self-evident as the proposition about the anchor-stroke, but, no doubt, it has been carefully considered by the committee.

The prospects of the fruit crop for the present year are exceedingly rosy. Trees have flowered abundantly and the frosts have not injured the blossom, except in the low-lying grounds, on which cold nights have had some effect; but hardy fruit should be plentiful in the coming autumn. Even the plums escaped serious injury, and the cherry crop will be exceptionally heavy, so much so, that one need not grudge our feathered friends a few of the luscious fruits. It will be wise in the case of young trees to thin out the fruit, as an exceptionally heavy crop may prove detrimental to a healthy growth. The only crop about which the farmer and market gardener need feel any anxiety is the apple, which is in full bloom, for a sharp night's frost would upset the returns for the year. It is pleasant to note the progress fruit cultivation is making in this country, not only with regard to the storing of the crop when gathered, but also as to the reduction of varieties. A great mistake of the past was that of growing too many sorts. The present-day market gardener restricts his list as much as possible, with the result that the returns are larger and the expense of cultivation smaller.

WAYFARERS

Gaily they danced along the dusty highway,
Light-hearted children, Hope and Love together;
Laughing they lingered where the yellow roses
Grew round my gateway.

Vainly I bade them enter in my garden;
Always they answered: "Nay, our quest lies further."
Singing they sped away into the sunshine,
Leaving me lonely.

ANGELA GORDON.

The attempts made by one of our contemporaries to introduce a reform into the gathering of strawberries is well worthy of support. We have often suspected that if the consumers of this delicious fruit always knew the circumstances under which it had been gathered, they would be rather shy of purchasing it. The difficulty may be got over by appealing to the Salvation Army, which will send an army of fruit-pickers into the fields of Kent, and every picker will be, so to speak, guaranteed by the Army as healthy, cleanly and sober. It is expected that the number of Salvation Army pickers will enable the growers to dispense with those undesirables whom in previous years it has been necessary to engage, although, at the same time, the number sent will not interfere with the tried and trusted pickers. A feature of the new scheme lies in the improved shelters that will be provided for these workers. There will also be ample water for washing and drinking, in addition to private wash-houses for men and private wash-houses for women. These arrangements ought to have the effect of making the supplies of strawberries more saleable and attractive.

The tennis court in the gardens of the Tuileries is in course of demolition to make way for a naval museum. This court has been in existence about fifty years, and many others have been modelled upon it in different parts of the world, including the one at Hobart in Tasmania. (Another court will be built, but a site has not yet been chosen.) The other courts in France are at Fontainebleau, Pau, Bordeaux and Deauville. Two years ago young Mr. Gould made his successful *début* at the Tuileries court, defeating Mr. Charles Sands, who had been French and American champion. In the same year Ferdinand Garcia, one of the neatest players in the world, met defeat at the hands of Peter Latham at Brighton, the latter player being, however, nine years his junior in age. The great traditions of the game have been retained among the French markers, who have often expressed their opinion to the writer that the finest amateur player ever seen during this generation in France was the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton.

It is gratifying to learn that the Wye is this season in some degree fulfilling expectations as a salmon river. There has been more water than during the last two springs, and consequently a better run of fish. It will be remembered that, owing to scientific over-netting, there was at one time a likelihood of the supply failing altogether, and that drastic steps were taken to prevent this by taking off nets and lengthening the close time at the back-end. Since this was done, the river has been steadily improving in spite of consecutive dry seasons. The chief cause for

congratulation, however, would seem to lie in the fact that this year, for the first time in our recollection, there has been quite a number of small spring fish up—fish of 10lb. and under, tending to show that the salmon have really increased in numbers. Moreover, large fish are not wanting, two fishermen having killed eight fish in seven days of a 17½lb. average on a stretch not by any means one of the best on the river, while quite recently a 35lb. fish was taken by a lady and on the next day another rod killed one of 39lb. That this satisfactory state of things is due to the wise policy and energy of those who have the river's interest at heart there can be little doubt, and they have their reward.

The remarkable collection of domesticated animals at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, has just received a noteworthy addition in a fine specimen of the Cape fat-tailed ram,

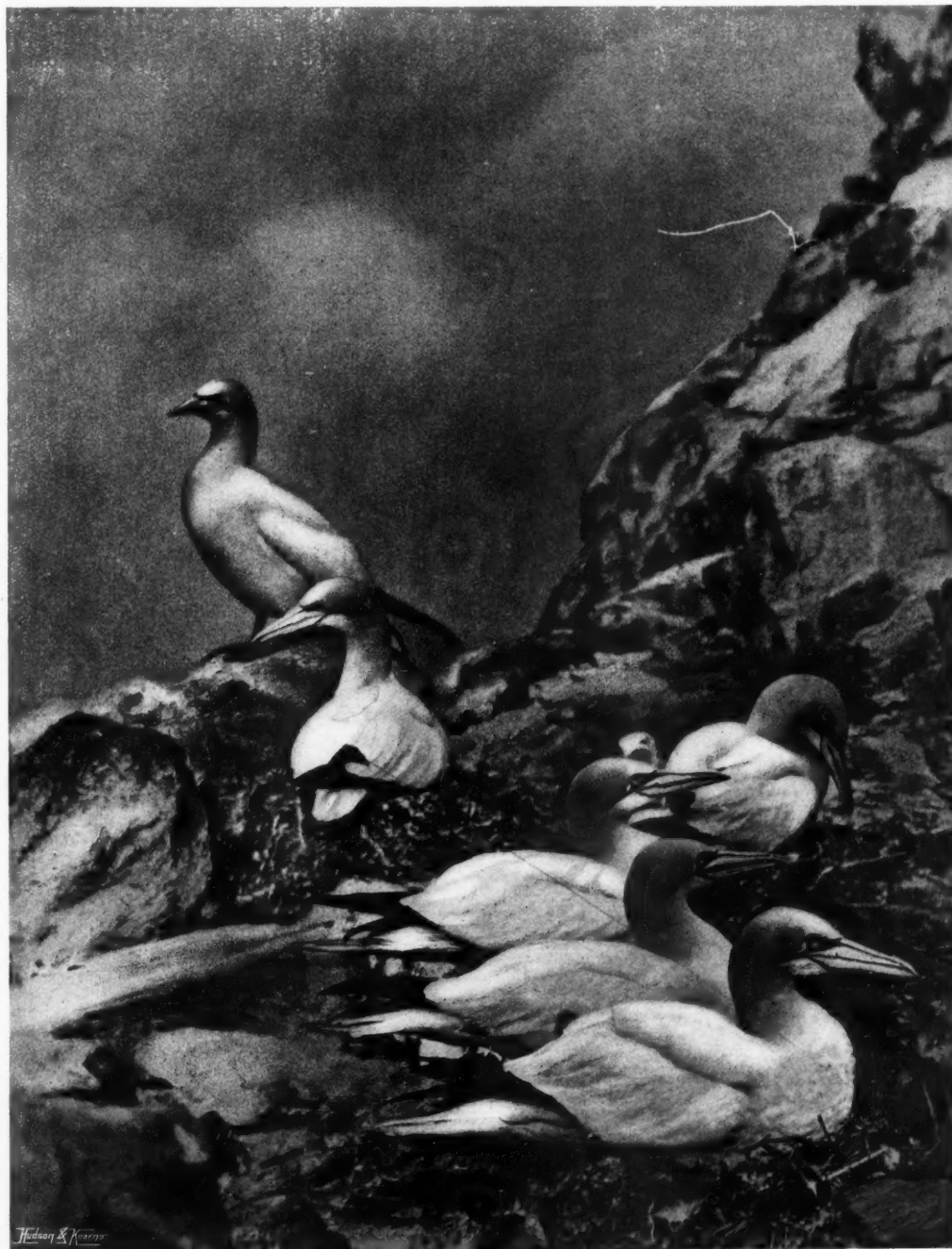
which was procured, at the instance of the Museum authorities, by the Minister of Agriculture for Cape Colony. This sheep must be reckoned as one of the most remarkable breeds in the world, the tail being over a yard in length, and loaded with fat, especially at the base, which is of extraordinary width. The origin of this breed is believed to be due to a cross between the Persian fat-tailed and the African fat-rumped sheep. The latter, as may be seen in a stuffed specimen in this collection, is a most curious-looking animal, having a black head, neck and legs, and large black blotches on the under parts; the tail is short, while the horns are represented by mere vestiges, looking like two greasy-looking curls lying flat upon the crown of the head. This tail is, we believe, regarded as a great delicacy; and it must be on this account that the breed is maintained, since, judging by the Museum specimen, it is but a poor wool-grower.

THE GANNETS' HOME.

WHEN I first landed on the gannets' isolated home, the setting sun was sending his long rays across the ocean, and throwing a great black shadow from the towering rock across the waves. A fresh breeze was blowing from the coast, and our little sailing craft quickly drew nearer to this world-famous rock, which enthralled even the dullest imagination. As we get near to the bird-covered sides of rock, which rise straight from

the water for 300ft. or more, we seem to be approaching a wonderful fairyland. All around our small craft and high up above us there are thousands of great birds sailing. One moment the sinking sun lights up the white breasts and the next the backs of the solan geese gleam in the bright light as they circle round and round or go up or down to their nests. On about a quarter of a mile of rock we can see nothing but birds. Every available ledge seems to contain a sitting bird—

either a gannet, razor-bill, guillemot or kittiwake. As we slowly pass round the rock there is a deafening chorus of bird calls. Five thousand gannets give out their harsh call, hundreds of kittiwakes answer with their shrill cries, and the next moment there is silence, just the wash of the water against the sides of the boat, and then it seems to be fairyland indeed: Ten thousand white wings circling dreamingly above our boat, crossing and recrossing as the birds go in opposite directions. Thousands more on the water, disappearing under the surface one by one; no sound but that of the sea; but the poetry of motion and the gleaming of white wings everywhere. Then as we look up, almost lost in wonderment and in the strange fascination of the wild scene, a kittiwake high up on the bird-covered shelves of rock gives out her piercing call, a hundred of her species reply, and again the gannets send out their calls, and what a moment before was a scene of fairylike peace is now one tumultuous chorus. And so the day dies; the sun goes down red, beneath waves which are tinted with his colour, more gannets hurry home to their island stronghold, and when the first stars of evening are seen there is a great silence on the towering black rocks above us. The next morning we are up early with our cameras, and, making our way to the top of the rock from the only landing-stage, we then go down one of the sides, carefully choosing our path, for one false step means a drop of 100ft. or more into the sea below. The aspect from above is as wonderful as that from the sea. Immediately below, numbers of puffins are flying and swimming; some are darting rapidly from sea to rock, and others leave the ledges and dash in straight lines to their distant feeding-grounds. The



O. G. Pike.

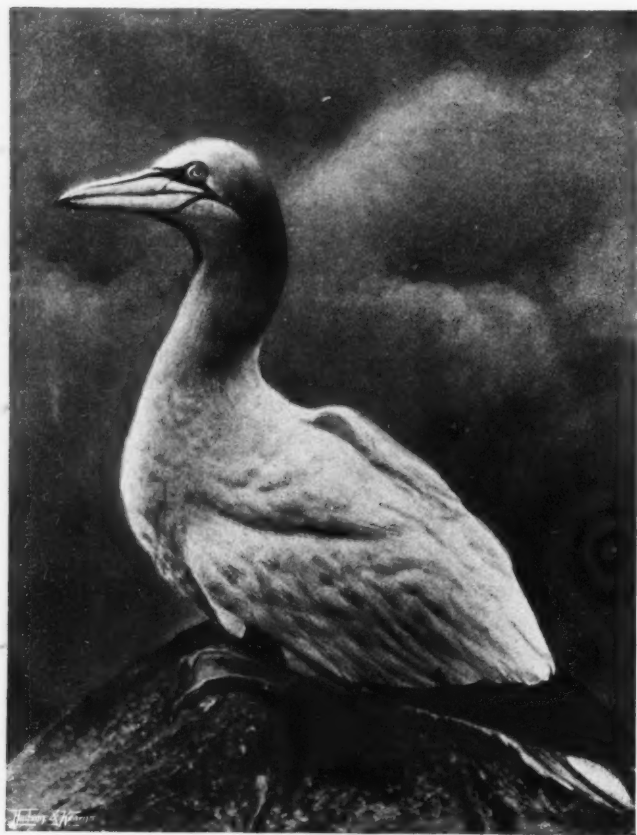
ON A ROCK LEDGE.

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shrill calls of kittiwakes reach us from far down the bird-covered sides, and the snowy-plumaged birds can be distinguished among the larger gannets. Guillemots, also, are here in plenty, and they are seen sitting in rows on some of the shelves of rock; others are on the water, resembling dark dots, and when these dive for fish they disappear, one after the other, like bubbles extinguished by the sun's heat. A gannet flies up with a fish, places it by the side of his nest, goes away in search of more, and hundreds of others are doing the same. This great colony of solan geese require an enormous quantity of fish, and at a low estimate the market price of herrings consumed by these birds each day amounts to over £1,000. We notice that many birds keep bringing a large herring to their sitting mates, and some of the latter have had so many that they do not attempt to eat them, but place them by the side of the nest. In past days, when this rock was used as a prison, the prisoners, who were sometimes allowed the run of the island, would collect a quantity of fresh fish by watching the gannets and then climbing down to the nest by which the fish was placed. We noticed that when a gannet left its nest it often opened its beak and brought up a fish recently swallowed, and tradition tells us that these also were collected by the hungry prisoners. I wonder sometimes if they ever attempted to eat the gannets' eggs. I was once dared to eat one by a Scotsman. He informed me that every visitor to his hotel had one, but, after struggling through it, I came to the conclusion that I was about the only Englishman who had performed such a feat. I shall never forget that egg as long as I live, and I could heartily sympathise with the prisoners who had to partake of such fare.

The male gannet is a very dutiful husband. He is always doing little kind acts for his sitting mate. I once saw one go to a nest of a neighbouring gannet, which was unguarded, and then, with his large beak, he confiscated all he could possibly carry, and took this back triumphantly to the hen. With many happy chucklings she took this love-gift, and then placed it around her breast, and he went off in search of more. I was fortunate enough to get a snap-shot of this interesting performance.

The gannet has a curious way of fighting. Instead of having a good, rousing battle, like our farmyard cockerels, he prefers to take matters easily; and two birds which have a difference to settle make themselves comfortable on a suitable ledge, and then



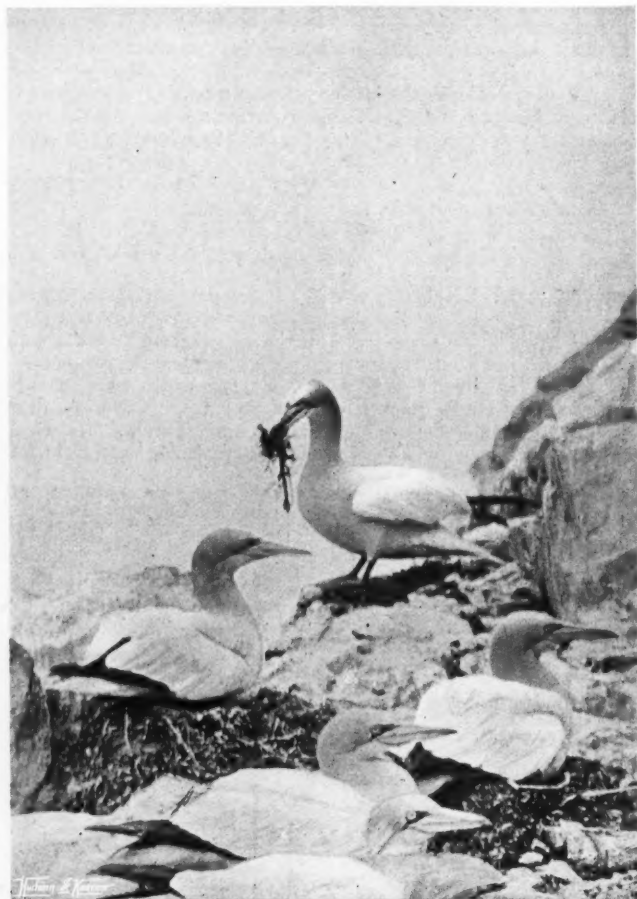
O. G. Pike.

AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

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one takes hold of the other's beak, and they pull, push and tug in different directions, and their large wings are raised and lowered as they endeavour to balance themselves. Sometimes a gannet will settle on a wrong nest, and on one such occasion the rightful owner was seen to be trying to pull her off in the manner described, but she found this to be a very difficult task. Presently the bird's mate appeared on the scene; he saw that his wife was pulling the intruder by the beak, so, without more ado, he

walked up, took a firm grasp of its tail and, while his mate pulled in one direction, he pulled in the other, and at last the enemy was induced to leave. Gannets have great difficulty in rising from a level surface; I have seen about 5,000 of them on a perfectly calm sea, and only about one in 100 succeeded in leaving the water, although a great many were making futile attempts to do so, but simply flapped helplessly along the surface. We captured one and placed it on a level piece of asphalt by



O. G. Pike. A BEAKFUL OF STOLEN NEST.

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the lighthouse, and the bird, although it made strenuous efforts to rise into the air, found this to be quite impossible; but directly it slipped through a hole in the wall, it flew like a feathered dart far out to sea.

Everyone who is interested in bird-life should visit the Bass Rock or Ailsa Craig, two great breeding haunts of gannets, for they will look upon a birdland scene that will live and dwell in the memory for ever. There is hardly a bird haunt in these islands so worthy of a visit as either of these places, and I do not think anyone would ever regret spending a day in the gannets' home.

OLIVER G. PIKE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THERE is nothing more fascinating than the study of words. As Carlyle once said, "for every word we have there was a man and a poet. The coldest word was once a glowing new metaphor and bold questionable originality." In ordinary life we can see this truth exemplified, because every new piece of slang represents an attempt at word-making, and in slang the predominant wish is, as it were, "to get there." As language grows old it assumes a formalism from which the impatient spirit always tries to escape. So instead of a long ceremonious description a single pithy word or phrase is invented. Carlyle himself, in his craze for nicknames, illustrated this practice. Wishing to describe the bishops and the higher clergy generally, he spoke of them in a celebrated essay simply as the "shovel-hatted." It was perhaps not quite a happy word and did not pass into literature, but it represents the process of forming slang words. In a book that we have come across by Dr. Smythe Palmer, *Some Curios from a Word Collector's Cabinet* (Routledge), we find at work a scholar with an overweening desire to get at that period in a word's history when it was what Carlyle called a glowing new metaphor, and the general reader who shares this love of words will read these pages with immense interest. Perhaps as good an illustration as we could find of our author's

method will be found in his Chapter VII. on "Degraded Church Words." His point is:

Words which have a strange sound and are only imperfectly understood are sometimes taken up by the common people and turned to their own uses, often very different from their original. Words heard in church of learned and mysterious sound have been carried away and turned, perhaps with unconscious reverence, into slang or cant expressions. This was frequently the case when the service was said in Latin as it is still in the Roman Catholic Church.

The examples he adduces are interesting and amusing. Thus in Wright's "Provincial Dictionary" we are told that the wind-up or conclusion of a story was frequently called its *culorum*. This was evidently in reference to the phrase "in sæcula sæculorum," the common ending of many prayers. Still more interesting is the case of *sockdologer*, an American slang word used to designate a knock-down blow. It was so employed by Cooper, the celebrated Redskin novelist. Of this word Dr. Smythe Palmer says:

Sockdologer was merely a popular turning topsy-turvy of *doxology*, standing for *doxology*, the ascription of praise which is the ending of the psalms being used for an ending.

Still more curious is the word *autem* as an old cant word for a church. It occurs as early as 1567 in Harman's *Caveat for Common Curseters* (*autem mortis*—women properly married in church). On this our author makes the following ingenious comment:

It is merely the Latin word *autem*, "but," which impressed itself on the ear in the formula "Tu autem, Domine, miserere nostri" (But do thou, Lord, have mercy upon us) with which the lessons of the Roman breviary conclude. In French argot, however, *tu autem* is used to signify the end of anything (Rabelais) for the same reason. Madame de Sevigné speaks of "le *tu autem* de ces messieurs."

Dr. Smythe Palmer will not have it that *hocus focus* is an irreverent travesty of the sacred words of consecration in the Latin Mass, *hoc est corpus*. He says it is simply *hokey-pokey* and of gipsy origin. Here is another piece of out-of-the-way learning:

To *commundum* or "to cry *communaum*" was an old Scotch phrase for to confess a fault (Jamieson), the allusion being to the same: penitential psalm, "Create in me a clean heart (*commundum*), O God" (Ps. li., 10).

Another set of examples he finds in the Lord's Prayer. The word *patter* has become the technical term for the set form of words or professional harangue with which the juggler, showman or other street folk entertain their audiences. The original word, of course, was *pater*, that is, to repeat the *paternoster*. The word *livitooop* has, as our author remarks, a very droll and burlesque sound. Abbreviated into *livvy* it was sometimes used for foolish talk or nonsense. We get the following explanation of it:

Livitooop, or more properly *livipipe*, L. Lat. *livipium* (Du Cange), was originally the name of the hood or tippet worn by graduates, and so the outer badge of learning; Fr. *livipion*, a graduate's hood (Cotgrave). As an academic and ecclesiastical garment the word readily became significant of learning.

These are out-of-the-way expressions, but perhaps Dr. Smythe Palmer is most interesting when he takes a very ordinary expression, as, for example, the phrase "well off." He finds "off" as it is used in this phrase allied with the same word in "He is ten miles off." The "off" is certainly a very curious word, and well worthy the attention he has given it. There are, however, parallel expressions both in German and Greek. The word donkey, although so common now, found its way

into print, it is supposed, first in 1785, when Grose gave it a place in his "Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue." Dr. Smythe Palmer says it stands for *dun-ick-ie*, or *dun-ock-ie*, that is *dun* with two diminutival suffixes. He connects it with *dunnock*, which he says is the dialect word for the sparrow. He should mean, however, the hedge-sparrow, which, by the by, has the same nickname as the ass, that is to say, *cuddy bird*. That *dun* was the recognised descriptive colour of the ass appears apparent from the old riddle in Leland's Itinerary:

The first letter of our fore-fadyr
A worker of wax,
An I and an N;
The colour of an ass;
And what have you then?

Many of our readers may be interested in the following note on the word "gunner":

Slang being the outcome of the mother-wit of the common folk and vulgar often uses terms which seem silly and irrational to the educated, but are picturesque and sensible enough if one can only place oneself at the right point of view, that of the inventor. For instance, those who have a close acquaintance with the navvies are aware that one of their number who has had the misfortune to lose an eye is invariably nicknamed "gunner." One who had done mission work among them for years mentioning the fact thought it an inexplicable use of language. I was able to point out to my informant that this use of the word obviously originated in the one-eyed appearance of a person taking aim with a gun, who naturally closes the eye not in use. The gunner is for the nonce a person with only one eye. I subsequently noted this passage in Sir Thomas Herbert's "Travels," 1665: "The Arimaspi, from winking when they shoot, are said to be monocular (one-eyed)" p. 21.

The author's examination of the word *flirt* affords an excellent example of his method. One account identifies it with the Scotch *flird*, *flirdie*, giddy, from the A.-Saxon *flerdian*, to trifle. This was a suggestion of Professor Skeat; but he has now abandoned it for Dr. Murray's suggestion that it is the same word as *flirt*, to flip or tap, as in Browning's line, "Teach me to flirt a fan." The word was originally spelt *flurt*, and the earliest

mention is not earlier than *The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, 1578:

Hath light of love held you so softe in her lap?
Sing all of greene willow;
Hath fancy provokte you? did love you intrap?
Sing willow, willow, willow;
That now you be *flirting* and will not abide,
Willow, willow, willow, willow,
To mee which most trusty in time should have tride,
Willow, willow, willow, willow!

Dr. Smythe Palmer says the earliest use of *flirt* in the English is in the sense of flowering—that is, decorating with flowers. Among the interesting examples he gives of abbreviation is *pill*, from *piled* or *pilule*, antler from *anteler* or *antoler*, garment, from *garment* and so on. As a complete example of our author's method let us see what he has to say on the word *oblivion*:

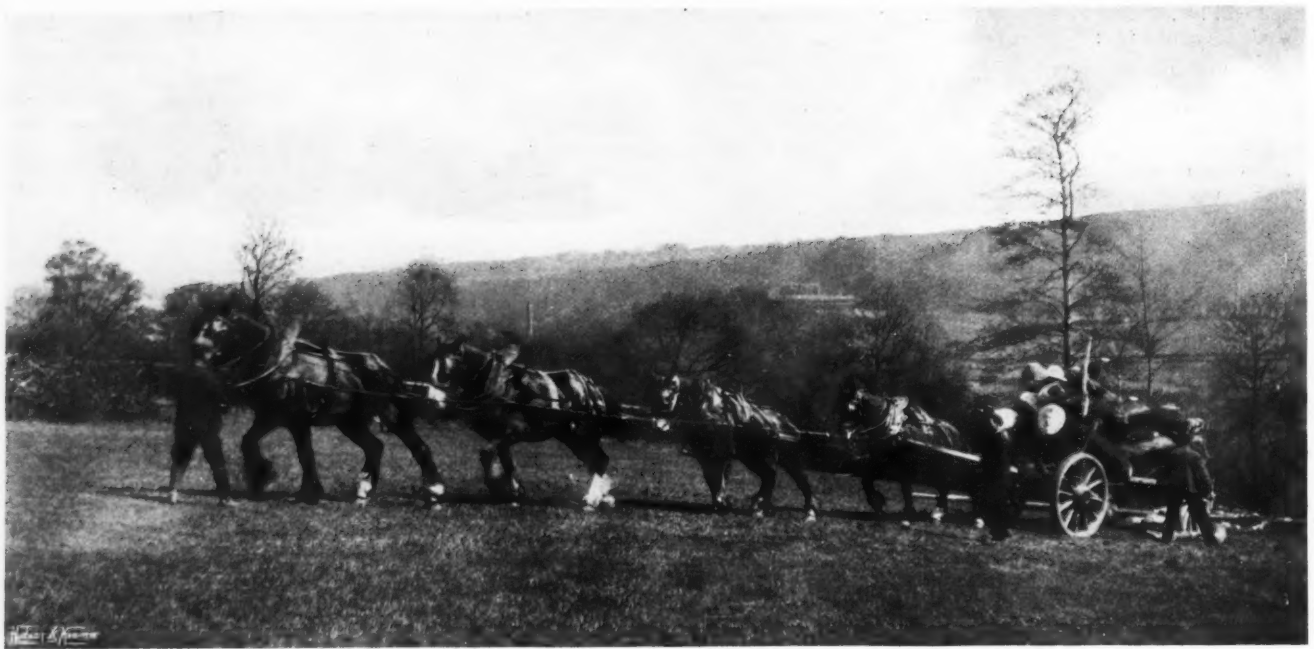
The etymological meaning of *oblivion* (Lat. *oblivio*), forgetfulness, seems to be of growing darkness overshadowing and effacing things once remembered, as the glimmering landscape fades from sight in the deepening twilight. *Ob-livisci*, from which *ob-livion* comes, is near akin to *livescere*, to grow dark and discoloured (*lividus*). See Bréal, *Semantics*, p. 72, Curtius i. 336. So *obscurus*—"covered over" (Curtius i. 207). The failure of memory is often conceived as a dark veil obscuring features which had



O. G. Tike.

GANNETS GUARDING THEIR EGGS.

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E. S. Mables

WITH A WILL!

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previously been bright and distinct, and obliterating them one by one. "A dark veil of forgetfulness,"—Wisdom of Solomon, xvii., 3.

That that stout pillar to oblivion's pit
Should fall . . .
Forgot and hid in black obscurity.

John Taylor, *Works*, 1630.

Many a deed, awhile remembered, out of memory needs must fall,
Covered, as the years roll onward, by oblivion's cre-ping pall.

Trench, *Poems*, 343.

What gifted hand shall pierce the clouds
Oblivion's fatal magic rears,
And lift the sable veil that shrouds
The current of the distant years?

Peacock, *Works*, iii., 84.

George Meredith's line:

Darker grows the valley, more and more forgetting
Love in the Valley.

(i.e., *livescit vallis, magis magisque obliviscitur*) well brings out the etymological idea.

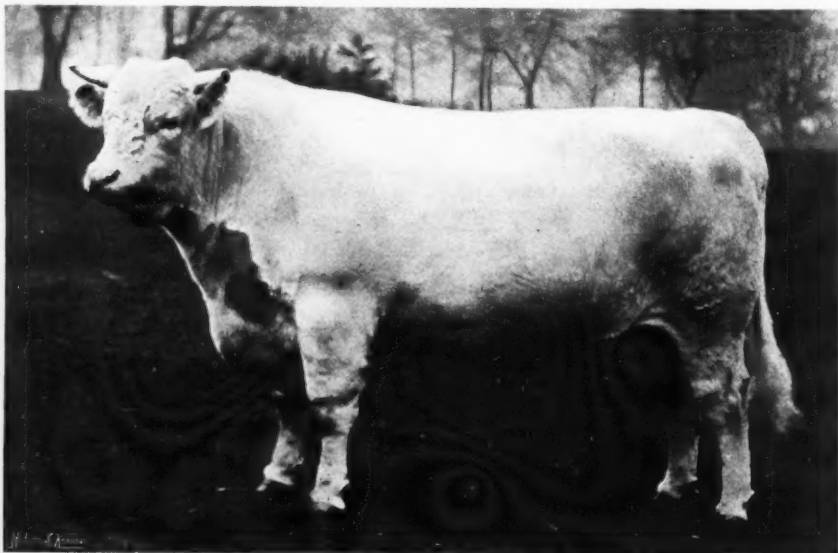
FROM THE FARMS.

A SUCCESSFUL SHORTHORN BULL.

THE photograph of a shorthorn bull that we show this week is that of Sir Richard Cooper's Meteor. This animal was calved on March 29th, 1903, and is by Moonlight out of Calluna. Among the prizes he has won are the following: 1904.—First and reserve champion, Bath and West; first and champion, United Counties; first, Hereford and Worcester. 1905.—First and reserve champion, Oxfordshire; first and champion, Hereford and Worcester; first and reserve champion, Highland, Glasgow; first, Great Yorkshire; first, Warwickshire. 1906.—First and reserve champion, Bath and West; first and champion, Shropshire and West Midland; first and champion, Hereford and Worcester; first Norfolk; first, champion and gold medal, Highland, Peebles; first, Great Yorkshire.

SOIL INOCULATION v. FARMYARD MANURE.

The other day, while discussing with a very good farmer of the old school the question of soil inoculation, we went into some calculations for the purpose of knowing what was the cost of manure. It ought to be mentioned that the farm in question is one of 350 acres lying thoroughly well out in the country, and



G. H. Parsons.

METEOR.

Copyright.

several miles from a railway station. It is not very good land, being in places heavy and sour; but, nevertheless, the crops on it looked excellent. The winter wheat was strong and of a good colour, and the beans, of which there are 67 acres, were already in blossom and a well-grown and promising crop. Although the farmer is properly described as of the old school, he is, nevertheless, a very shrewd and clever man, who has done uncommonly well on his holding, and is not troubled by any prejudice that would prevent him from trying experiments. He has kept his books carefully for about seven years, and believes absolutely in doing the land well. His experience is that good manuring is paid for by the greater return in crops. His calculation was that the outlay on the land actually manured every year was not less than £4 an acre. If we compare that with the cost of inoculation, the latter seems to be trivial indeed. The highest price that we have heard as being charged for the culture ran to about 7s. 6d. an acre, and it can be done for very much less. In fact, there are many who have thought that 5s. an acre would allow plenty of room for profit. If this be so—and the facts seem to lie that way—the introduction of inoculation would be a great economy for the farmer. It is not only that it produces a better crop in the year in which it is used, but the crop for the second year is said to have shown continued improvement, and in the third year to be even better still.

MORTGAGES, TARIFFS AND TAXES IN DENMARK.

A complete summary of Danish agricultural questions in all directions would demand an exhaustive enquiry into the subject of mortgages, tariffs and taxes, and an examination of profits, which would lead us, of course, very far. It may, however, briefly be remarked that recently there has been a decided increase in the number of mortgages, which, however, have for the most part been raised for the sake of carrying out profitable improvements, though the interest upon them is nevertheless sometimes a heavy burden. As regards the tariff question, it has not been one of vital importance to the agriculturist population. The Danish countryman has acted on the principle that food-stuffs *must* be imported cheaply—and to that there have been no great tariff hindrances—and that his business is to extend and improve the breeding of animals for exportation. The Danish State derives the greater part of its tariff revenues from industrial products, Colonial wares and raw

materials. Of late years, some of the larger farmers have asked for a protective tariff upon various agricultural products, but without securing much support. The object of the tariff movement in England is not commonly regarded in Denmark as one likely appreciably to affect the rural population in England for better or worse. Most thinkers consider the movement as having primarily a political aim.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THATCHED ROOFS.

SIR,—During an extensive tour in the West of England I have been vexed to see that, although thatched roofs are still common, and have

been in many cases newly repaired, yet owing to the depredations of birds, mostly, I am told, starlings, there is an increasing tendency to replace them by tiles, slates, or, worst of all, the hideous and comfortless galvanised iron. May I, therefore, point out that by the expenditure of a trifling extra sum in covering the new thatch all over with wire-netting it can be made to last many times longer, every shilling thus laid out saving at least £1 in the long run. Thatch is for warmth in winter, coolness in summer, snug and picturesque appearance, and, in comparison with ordinary deal rafters, non-inflammability, so much the best of all roofing materials that every effort should be made by rural landowners to continue its use. As an alternative, rush or twig roofing, such as that found for arbores even in London parks, might be substituted for straw, and this has the advantage of needing no protection from the birds. —EVACUATES A. PHIPSON.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

MORELS AT LARGE AND ON THE TABLE.

IN the county of Cambridgeshire, for about a month at this time of year, everyone revels in morels. We eat them, the villagers eat them, the pigs, when they get the chance, eat them; everybody eats them. I was rather surprised at first to find that the cottage folk did care for them; for I have known other parts of England—at least two widely sundered counties—where mushrooms are plentiful but the villagers will not touch them. They make a good deal of money by the collecting and sale of them, but caring them they consider, as they do the eating of sweetbreads, a somewhat questionable eccentricity of the gentry. Here, however, there is no prejudice against morels, and the villagers eat them lavishly, stewed either alone or with meat or potatoes. And there are not many things much nicer. The cook of cities generally knows the morel only when dried and used as a flavouring in soups and sauces; but it is better fresh, cooked in any way that a mushroom can be cooked, than any mushroom. Also morel ketchup is better than ordinary mushroom ketchup.

PRONUNCIATION AND COOKERY.

The morel of these parts is the commonest of the three British species *Morchella esculenta*, growing generally to about 4in. in length, of which perhaps 1½in. is stalk, the rest the spongy, corrugated, thimble-shaped top or pileus, varying in hue from a putty colour to a deep greenish brown or rich dark chestnut. It grows in the long, tangled grass along the hedgerows or about the outskirts of woods, and, according to local tradition, should not be gathered for eating in the early morning when the dew is still about. The poet Gray ("Trivia") says that "Spongy morels in strong ragouts are found," and it is evident that he pronounced it like "moral" to rhyme with "sorrel," as it is still pronounced by the peasantry, while politer tongues, of course, pronounce it French fashion with the accent on the second syllable. Cooke, in his "British Fungi," gives three recipes for cooking morels (he, by the way, spells it "morells"), and quotes in addition M. Roques to the effect that there is nothing "so delicate as a piece of veal surrounded with morells, suitably seasoned, and cooked in an oven in its own juice." But you cannot go wrong if you treat them like mushrooms, stewing them (I am told they need stewing for an hour) in butter with pepper and salt, some lemon juice and a pinch of grated nutmeg, adding a little beef gravy and—if you will—a glass of white wine. Eating them so, your chief regret will be that they are in season for so short a time in the year—a month or six weeks at most.

HOW TO TELL BRAIN FOOD.

Under the old "doctrine of signatures" it is not surprising that the morel was a specific for all maladies of the brain, the wrinkled pileus being curiously suggestive of the convolutions of the brain surface. Just as kidney-wort, which gets its name from the shape of the leaves, was a sovereign remedy for ills of the kidneys, lung-wort, the spotted foliage of which has an unpleasant suggestion of a diseased lung, was appropriated to treatment of that organ, and Jew's-ear was the trump card of the aurist, so the morel—in all sorts of horrid mixtures—was used for sicknesses and vapours of the brain. In this it shared honours with the nutmeg, for a nutmeg when cut in two has an obvious resemblance to the human brain. Perhaps this is why a pinch of nutmeg harmonises so appropriately with morels in the cooking.

SWALLOWS AND THE WEATHER.

The inclement weather of the latter part of April and the early days of May has been hard on the migrant birds; in particular it must have caused awful mortality among such of the swallow tribe as had arrived. Fortunately only a small proportion of these birds came early this year; and in the first week of May I have yet seen neither swift nor house-martin, though both have been reported from other parts. A few swallows and sand-martins, however, were here by the second week of April, but they have disappeared; and one would like to think that they have (as the old naturalists were inclined to believe) the faculty of hibernating, hanging themselves up like bats, during the cold months, and that those which were about three weeks ago had merely retreated to some comfortable nook in bushes, in cliffs or barns (or perhaps taken refuge under the water, as many people have maintained that swallows

do), to sleep away the evil times. But it is more likely that they are dead, perished of starvation. We know to what straits they may be reduced even in midsummer by a few days of bad weather which cuts off their supply of insect food, and at this time of year, when there is at best a limited amount of small life upon the wing, for birds which have to pick up their living while in flight, the margin between them and starvation must always be perilously narrow. It is hard to imagine that any swallow could have lived through April in England this year.

THE CASE AGAINST THE ROOK.

With other readers of COUNTRY LIFE I have been interested in the letters which have appeared in the "Correspondence" columns for and against the rook; but it does not seem to me that the evidence is necessarily conflicting or that there need be any doubt about a verdict. No one questions that some rooks do good; but it does not seem possible any longer to doubt that when there are too many rooks they do harm. At all events, the testimony is conclusive that in many districts the rook has forsaken the innocent grub-eating ways of his ancestors and taken to other, easier and less beneficent methods of earning a living; and it is charitable as well as reasonable to ascribe the change to over-multiplication. Your correspondent "L. T." recognises the facts and knows the rook of these days to be a sinner; but he confesses his judgment with reluctance because "It is hard to believe that any living thing has not its duty in the scheme of the universe and fulfils it."

MAN'S INTERFERENCE WITH NATURE.

We all feel the same reluctance to condemn an old friend, but the fact is that we are, perhaps, too ready to judge the scheme of the universe from a purely human standpoint. The plan of Nature was not, surely, framed with an eye to the artificial conditions of modern agriculture. It is not fair to blame the scheme of the universe because a wild thing, following its instincts, comes into collision with our own entirely artificial and civilised interests. Man has surrounded the rook with all sorts of conditions quite foreign to its natural way of living, and in addition has encouraged it to multiply beyond all reason by direct protection, by putting abnormal supplies of new food within its reach and by obliterating the enemies which, in the "scheme of the universe," acted as regulators to keep it in check. The result is what it nearly always is when man interferes with the balance of things. Nature may have provided that in a given area there should be fifty rooks which would support life on "leather jackets" and "white grubs"; but if man insists on 500 rooks living in the same area and surrounds them with other and easier alternative diets, he cannot blame either Nature or the rooks if things go wrong. There are at present in most parts of England at least twice as many rooks as there ought to be. Sooner or later we shall have to face the fact and go about to reduce the supply, and we shall not be meddling with the scheme of the universe, but only in some measure undoing the mischief which our previous interference has done.

A SLUGGARD HEDGEHOG.

One of the most entertaining sights to be seen in the spring of the year is the spectacle of a hedgehog waking up. I do not know whether all hedgehogs have such a frightfully hard time of it as this particular beast whose nest was found comfortably hidden about the roots and last year's dead foliage of a clump of iris. As it was sunny and spring-like, it was judged to be time for the poor pig to be getting up and earning a living. He was obviously a sluggard to be lie-abed while the hedges and shrubbery were beginning to abound in insect-life. So he was brought out and laid in the sun on a sheltered corner of the garden path. And how he hated it!

THE BURDEN OF HAVING TO GET UP.

When you come to think of it, your joints must be moderately stiff after you have lain curled up in one position for approximately five months; and the poor little brute evidently suffered agonies as he tried by infinitesimal degrees to straighten one fore leg after another. He quivered with pain. His head and hands trembled like those of the oldest of little old men, and after some seconds of supreme effort he had to collapse and gather strength before he could resume the conquest of another tiny fraction of an inch. After an afternoon of earnest striving he was only half-uncoiled, when,



A MOREL.

as it grew chilly, he was put to bed with his nest in a flower-pot for the night; and next morning he was as fast asleep as ever, so that the whole to-do had to be gone through again. Altogether it took him two whole days to get out of bed; so we called him 'Toddles. Even then he needed another day to think about it before he started in the dusk of the third

evening into the shrubbery to look, under protest, for a breakfast. I have seen a bear suddenly turned out of his winter hiding-place, and he was obviously dazed by the light and very clumsy and helpless in his movements; but he was sprightliness and alacrity personified compared to this prematurely awakened hedgehog.

H. P. R.

FISHING IN VENICE.

IF there be truth in an old fisherman's remark that "no one won't know nothin' about fish till some 'un goes and lives among 'em at the bottom," then the attempt to describe the art of catching "em" must surely be a hard one, and doubly so when the work has to be carried out in such strange waters as those in and around Venice. For the fishing there is by no means a simple, straightforward process, requiring about equal shares of skill and patience; it is, on the contrary, a complex art, formed of many and various branches, demanding much study and practice, and an intimate knowledge of the region in which to fish. There is, to begin with, the open sea fishing (*Pesca da Mar*), which is the work almost exclusively of the inhabitants of Chioggia, that outlying port of Venice, famed of old for the great "War of Chioggia" between Venice and Genoa in the fourteenth century, and to-day for the gorgeous colouring and quaint devices which adorn the sails of its fishing-boats. There is the "marine fishing" (*Pesca da Marina*), which takes place along the shores of the sea and in the lagoons; and there is the "valley fishing" (*Pesca da Valle*) in the salt lakes or ponds and reservoirs kept for the breeding and catching of fish

in innumerable places in the marshlands of the Venetian estuary. This latter pursuit is too lengthy and intricate to be spoken of here, and would, besides, leave no room for the sea and lagoon fishing, which is to form the subject of this article.

The rules and regulations as to fishing under the Venetian Republic were many, and date from the twelfth century. The greater part of these decrees—the earliest of which is dated November, 1173—relate almost entirely to the removal of whatever might pollute the lagoon or choke its free passage, and to the preservation of the fry, not omitting careful mention as to close seasons. The infringement of any of these laws was punished by fines and penalties, and stern prohibitions were passed against the use of certain traps and snares. There was, too, a regulation size for the meshes of the nets, very small meshes being absolutely forbidden, so as to allow of the escape of the fry and the consequent avoidance of any wholesale reduction of the fish. The penalties imposed for any infringement of such laws included confiscating the boat of the transgressor, burning his nets and other utensils and making him pay besides the sum of 15 ducats (about £7 10s.). The same sum of money was to be



P. Lewis. "AN ENCHANTED BOAT UPON THE SILVER WAVES." Copyright.



P. Lewis.

DRYING THE NETS.

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paid by any fisherman caught poaching, or who fished in the close time. This close time, as far as oysters were concerned, was from May to September, and inspectors were constantly on the watch to see that every rule should be observed and followed.

The varieties of fish to be found in the lagoons are numerous, but their names and species are in many cases unknown to the English reader, while their appearance would sometimes daunt the boldest and deter him from a closer investigation of the queer article submitted to his wondering eye. There are, however, a quantity of excellent fish to be had in Venice, among which such names as turbot, sole, grey and red mullet, gurnard and mackerel will be the most familiar to my readers, while crabs, lobsters, prawns, shrimps and some exquisite crayfish known as *scampo* and *canestrello* are found in abundance, and form most excellent eating.

The names of the different methods for the catching of these manifold varieties are legion, too numerous, indeed, to be mentioned in their order, though allusion may be made to "jumping fishing" (*Pesca a Saltarella*), which takes place at night, the fisherman rowing slowly and quietly along the edges of the lagoon with a little light placed in the bow of his boat. The fish follow, being attracted by the light, and jump so high to reach it that they land in the boat and are instantly caught. Most of the mackerel tribe are caught in this way. Another method is "raft fishing" (*Pesca a Zattera*), which is done on moonlight nights in summer. The fishermen tow a raft, of which the sides are covered with seaweed, beside their boats. They beat their oars against these padded sides, when the fish swim to the raft, curious to discover the meaning of the sound; their dread of these unwonted sounds and shadows prevents them from making any effort to escape, and they fall an easy prey. Another method is that of "arm fishing," when the half-clad fisherman stands knee deep in the mud and slime of the marshy ground, and gropes with his arms in the mud for a fish called "go" (*Gobius*), which lives in such places, and is in much request among the common people. There is even some "shooting fishing" (*Pesca a Scioppo*) for some fish known as *caustelli*, *buoseghe* and *mecchie*, whose habit is to spring high out of the water. The sportsman thereupon fires, and the fish, either dead or wounded, float on the water and are secured with a landing net. A certain amount of fish is also caught by spearing.

No end of different materials go towards the making of the bait, which varies in its turn according to the season. One sort very largely used is made of crabs pounded into a paste, when it forms a morsel of rare daintiness and of a nature that no sardine can resist. This delicacy is in such demand that no less than 1,000 sacks of crabs are consumed daily during the sardine-fishing season. This consumption may seem excessive; but were the crabs not kept under in this way, it is calculated that they would increase to such an extent as to cover the whole lagoon, to the detriment of all other fish in that district. A variety of boats is also needed for the carrying out of the fishing trade, and as may be imagined these boats are of all sizes and shapes, with sails of every conceivable colour and dimensions. The boats are invariably flat bottomed; those for sea fishing, such, for instance, as the *tartana*, being naturally much larger than those for use on the lagoon, averaging from 60ft. to 100ft. long and carrying two or even three masts. Another frequently spoken of is the *bragozzo*, rather smaller than the *tartana*, and commodiously arranged for carrying a large number of nets.

Mention must be made of the baskets which serve either for keeping the fish in once they are caught, or for conveying them to different markets. The shapes and sizes and names of these baskets are many and



THE PAINTED SAIL



DEPARTURE.



P. Lewis. THE WHISPERING WAVES WERE HALF ASLEEP. Copyright.

diverse, the principal ones being known as *canestro*, which is deep and has no handles; the *coffa*, of various sizes and possessing two handles; the *cavega*, also with double handles, and occasionally big enough to hold 400lb. of fish. These are all made out of willow twigs, and the accompanying illustrations show the three above-named baskets when in use either for storing the fish or for measuring the quantities about to be taken to the market.

In the days of the Republic the fishing companies and their relative laws were under the jurisdiction of the "Most Excellent Magistrate of the Overseers of Justice and Inquisitors of Victuals" (*Viveri*), and were besides protected by the Sovereign authority of the "Most Excellent Senate." Fresh rules formulated in July, 1880, modified some of the old laws of the Republic and established others, always, however, with a view to the preservation of the fish in sea, lagoon and valley, and to the improvement of the breed when possible.

ALETHEA WIEL.

THE FIRST SPRING MIGRANT.

OF the migratory birds familiar to us, only those that nest and rear their young in this country can be considered truly our own.

The autumn brings a host of visitors; but with the first gleam of spring our wanderers begin to return to their native valleys and uplands, pastures, arable and moor. Of them all the wheatear is probably the first to come home. He scarcely waits even for the blackthorn to deck itself in its cold white robe, and is to be seen before the daffodils "begin to peer." Most people who love the open air and take delight in the observation of living things have a passing acquaintanceship with him; but that is all. He does not come into our gardens to seek protection and friendship. He would rather be alone. To watch and

himself more fully to the patient observer who is content to quietly lie in wait on some rocky slope or stony heath.

The wheatears often begin to return in February or quite early in March; and then they come in fits and starts, and are plentiful on our South and East Coasts. Rabbits are done with, but trout are not yet ready; and one takes a country walk only



BASKETS FOR STORING FISH.

for exercise and to look about. Heavy clouds are driving across the sky, and the earth is sodden underfoot. Every ditch is full, and every brook and rill humming its best. As yet there is little promise of spring, except a few yellow catkins on the hazel trembling in the wind, the grey glitter of swelling buds on the goat-willow, the opening tassels of leaf on the honeysuckle and a clump of primroses on the sheltered bank. A yellow-hammer sings from a hedgerow twig, and rooks are busy at their nests in the elms; but there is no spring migrant to welcome. And lo! on the next morning the first wheatears have come, and may be seen on all sides. A flock has crossed the seas in the night, and perhaps reached the shore before daylight, for the arrival is never late in the day. Very quickly they disperse, taking flight for their barren uplands and treeless open wastes. Again there is not one to be seen, until, a few days later, another party comes, and, after a brief rest, breaks up to pass on to various nesting-places. There is no more than time to note the traveller's plumage, he makes so short a stay; but he is a splendid little fellow, with a black patch under his eye and a white streak above it, and a rich buff waistcoat that looks the warmer because of his grey head and the dark slaty black upon his wings. The lower part of his back is snowy white, and there are white feathers in his tail, which almost gleam as he flies away.

He does not loiter much on the way to his solitude. I have met with him in the greatest abundance on a limestone range scanty of vegetation and thickly strewn with stones and boulders. In place of hedgerows there are but bleak, lichen-covered walls, straight and long, stretching for miles along the sides and over the ridge of the hill. By early April he is there in plenty, and has selected his browner, more sombre-coloured mate. The lovers perch on the boulders and the wall. At the sight of an intruder he stands erect and jerks his tail up and down as if to frighten away a trespasser. His alarm note, "chack-chack-chack," sounds almost bellicose, and resembles the stroke of a stone-cracker's hammer. Although he finds no pleasure in



J. Shaw.

AT THE GUIDECCA.

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become intimate with his ways it is necessary to leave the grassy meadows, the sloping woodlands, the rich orchards and fields of growing crops, and to follow him upon stony hillsides where no furrow can ever be turned, and on lonely downs and solitary moors. He is shy, and the roughest country suits him the best. Yet no bird has more charming manners, and none reveals

human company, he will often wait until the stranger draws quite near; then he takes a short, low flight along the wall and perches again, and fans his tail and clacks more persistently than ever. In the early seasons he will go a considerable distance, continually flying, it may be, some fifty paces in front of a traveller, and then again awaiting his approach; but later, when the business of nesting has seriously commenced, he soon takes the other side of the wall and flies back to the locality that has provided an eligible building site. There is an old

superstition that if the earliest wheatear, seen in spring, should be seen perched on a stone, it is a warning of bad luck, but if on a turf or tuft of grass, there is good fortune in the near future. In any rough country it is ten to one on the stone. Yet wheatears have a very pretty way of occasionally pitching for a moment on a tussock or a twig of ling, with tail outspread and wings flapping to hold a true balance. They also like the little patches of green sward that are to be found here and there on the most barren waste.

In this country of walls there are five-barred gates between the enclosures, but on the lonely footpath a stile of upright stone is often to be found. It offers a fairly comfortable seat, and if the observer be still he is scarcely distinguishable against the wall. Then the birds that clacked at him will presently ignore his presence. In the loneliness of the hill he may have an opportunity to hear the wheatear's song. It is sweet and musical but soft and short. The bird will perch upon a rock and sing, then take a short flight into the air, hover for a moment, something in the manner of a kestrel, and sing upon the wing. He is said also to mock the notes of other birds, but I have never been able to distinguish it. And as for its little song, it gains by the solitude, and might almost pass unnoticed in a wood, if the chiff-chaff were busy in the tree, the great tit whetting his saw, and the willow-wrens practising their scales on every side.

On the brow of the range is a beacon-cairn, and when the days become warm enough to make the outcropping rock on the south side of a comfortable heat, I like to lie for an hour in the noonday sun. A little lower on the hillside is a rabbit-warren; and at some distance below that a small quarry for road-making, with a disused lime-kiln near at hand. The cairn, the warren and the quarry, as well as the aforesaid walls, all offer nesting-places to the wheatears. They like a cranny that leads deep into some heap of stones, and a rabbit-hole also offers them great attraction. By quiet watching it is not difficult to find the situation of the nest, but it is generally placed far in and quite secure. Very often a quiet investigation of the warren will discover a few bents of dry grass dropped around the mouth of one of the rabbit-holes. It may be that the nest lies only a short distance within. Then you may reward your search with a look at one of the pale blue eggs, of which sometimes there are as many as eight in a rough nest lined with rabbit's fur or bits of wool that briars have torn from the fleeces of sheep on the hill. But wheatears are not particular and make use also of hair and feathers. The wonder is how eggs thus placed escape unintentional destruction by some rabbit. Another wonder is that no one has been found to start the theory that young wheatears are hatched under a bunny. For a much stranger belief was formerly held, when it was affirmed that the wheatear's eggs were hatched under a toad—a belief, no doubt, arising from a toad and a nest having been occasionally discovered under the same pile of stones. But the little folklore associated with this bird is uncanny, and in some places his presence was accounted a sign of death.

The wheatear has some very fascinating little ways. He likes to hop about between the stones or along any track among the ling or coarser herbage of the moorland. Where turf has been cut he does not mind the sopping wet and will even search



P. Lewis.

"WITH A SOFT, SLOW, GENTLE MOTION
SWINGS THE SLOW TIDE FROM THE SEA."

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for food in very shallow water. Should he suspect your presence he will stop, lean forward for a moment in an attitude of listening attention, and then suddenly draw himself up and clack. Sometimes he will dart forward to catch a fly, or when perched on a boulder he now and then takes sudden flight to capture one upon the wing with the skill of a spotted fly-catcher. When on the ground at the slightest noise or movement he will hurry behind a stone or under any cover that is handy. And this disposition to seek a hiding-place has been the death of

WALTER RAYMOND.

LAND-DRAGONS.

OF all the marvellous creatures which the fossil-hunter has brought to light during the past few years, surely none is more wonderful than the great reptile known as Triceratops—the great three-horned land-dragon which roamed the continent of America before the advent of man upon the earth. A cast of a skeleton of one of these weird monsters has just been set up in the Reptile Gallery of the British Museum of Natural History at South Kensington. It is not so much, however, on account of his great size—though he measured some 25ft. in length—that Triceratops has acquired fame, as because of his formidable armature of horns and the enormous bony shield which extended backwards from the skull like some over-starched Elizabethan frill over the neck and shoulders. The horns, which were three in number, were evidently, during life, much longer than appears in the fossil, since this shows only the horn-cores, which were ensheathed, as in oxen, by an outer horny case. Two of these weapons arose immediately above the eyes, and raked forward, while the third, which was much smaller, was seated, as in the rhinoceros, immediately above the snout. Huge as the skull is, its size is still further increased by the frill to which reference has just been made, so that over all it measures no less than 6ft. in length. In general shape Triceratops may be likened to a rhinoceros, differing therefrom in the number and position of the horns—as well as in the structure thereof—and in the great length of the tail. The highest part of the body is just over the loins, the ridge of the back at this point being just 8ft. from the ground. Like the oxen of to-day we may suppose these horns were used as weapons of offence and defence; though no human eye ever marked the tremendous onslaught of a pair of these monsters when infuriated by the mutual desire to possess some coveted female, who probably stood dully by watching and wondering what all the clamour was about! That such conflicts did take place seems to be proved by the fact that in the American Museum of Natural History there is a pair of such horns, one of which has been broken off near its middle, and has later healed, as is shown by the rounding off of its truncated surface. That the creature was herbivorous we may feel sure from the fact that the front of the jaws were ensheathed, as in the turtle, in horn, not armed with teeth adapted for tearing prey; while the teeth along the side of the jaws were evidently used for grinding up vegetable matter.

As a consequence of the development of the great neck shield the vertebrae of the neck had fused into one solid mass, just as in other animals which have developed great back shields the dorsal vertebrae, from their inability to move, have become welded together. Whether, as some suppose, the hide of Triceratops was protected by bony plates is a point which, for the time, must remain unsettled; but it seems highly probable that such was the case. Such an armature was certainly possessed by a much smaller relative of this old earth-dragon, which once

roamed what is now Great Britain. Though such conjectures are fruitless, we cannot help speculating on what were the causes which brought about the extinction of these monsters known as the Dinosaurs. Probably they were slow breeders, and thus, having already become so highly specialised and so perfectly adapted to their environment, they were unable to respond to the demands of changes in that environment, and so paid the penalty of extinction. Such is the view, briefly, of Dr. C. W. Andrews

of the British Museum, who has worked more than most of us at problems of this kind. Visitors to the museum may now, for the first time in this country, compare three of the most remarkable types of these huge dinosaurian reptiles—the *Diplodocus*, 84ft. in length; the bipedal *Iguanodon*, standing just 16ft. high; and the smaller, but no less bizarre, *Triceratops*; and such a comparison will afford an insight into the marvels of vertebrate evolution that will not soon be forgotten. W. P. PYCRAFT.

IN QUIET PLACES.

SCENERY can be enjoyed in so many ways! From the homely little view that is loved just because it is so familiar, to the grand scene visited once in a while, that demands almost too much from the feelings, there stretches a vast variety, even in this little island of ours, that people surprisingly label "pretty country" or "ugly country," and enjoy or dislike accordingly. People demand certain things of a landscape, and when they search for them in vain the whole is discarded as unsatisfactory. So often it happens that one's own enjoyment of a view is spoilt by the companion who complains that it is not something quite different. As one's eye wanders over the softly varied hillslope, taking pleasure in the deep green of the hollows and the light on the rounded hillocks, or the gracefully interlacing hedge-lines, he tells you that he prefers something grander—would like a sky-line cut with rocks, suggests that a waterfall might be added with advantage, or even a snow-capped distance; he says that the little wood that rounds off the hill-shoulder and nestles in the valley is insignificant, and the cliff-line he calls tame. *A propos* of the poor little scene, he remarks that since he saw the Rockies from the Canadian and Pacific Railway he has not considered it worth his while to visit the lesser heights of Switzerland. But, having rid one's self of this noxious spirit, it is scarcely possible to avoid gaining unbounded pleasure from any place "in the depths of the country."

I know an unfashionable spot near the sea which, I am told, has no attractions but the brown-sailed fishing-boats. It lies peacefully a little way back from the sea on its tidal river, where a perpetual battle is being fought between mud, fresh water and salt waves. No one of them can win complete victory, but daily they hurl themselves into the fray, and are so inextricably mixed

that often it is hard to tell the one from the other. Down through the flat marshes the river meanders to the sea, and the patched sails of barges float through a country that is scarcely land and yet not sea. Behind the village the river winds away with its faithful towing-path, and the high, narrow wooden bridges make a wide arch over both, so that one must mount by many steps to reach the single footboard that is fenced by its sloping handrail on either side, making the letter V. Along the path patient horses and donkeys pull heavy-laden barges in a constant stream of supplies to the inland country. A fringe of marsh, never very wide, runs along the coast, and the soft low hills push out into it from the land side. Paths lead about it here and there among the bog pools and sand patches, and the roughest of the land plants only can flourish where all tastes of salt. It is never very green, for the grass is irregular and tufted, and at times it is of the deepest burnt sienna, with olive and purple shadows.

But what is there that can show more variety of colour than a marsh by the sea? On some clear days the vividness of the local colour will take possession, but more often a mystic glow from the air hides the realities, and all is a maze of gold or blue or of molten pink. In summer evenings white layers of mist lie across it waist high, and here and there a cow's back shows as a dark island through the soft thin covering. When the sun is rising over the sea the marsh has its time of greatest glory, and every mud-hole and puddle grows ecstatic, revelling in its share of rose and gold. A few streamlets have cut their way deep into the mud and trickle down rather insignificantly to the salt pools, where flocks of sea-birds search for the crabs that leave their quaint tracks across the muddy margins. During the spring tides, when the wind is strong, the



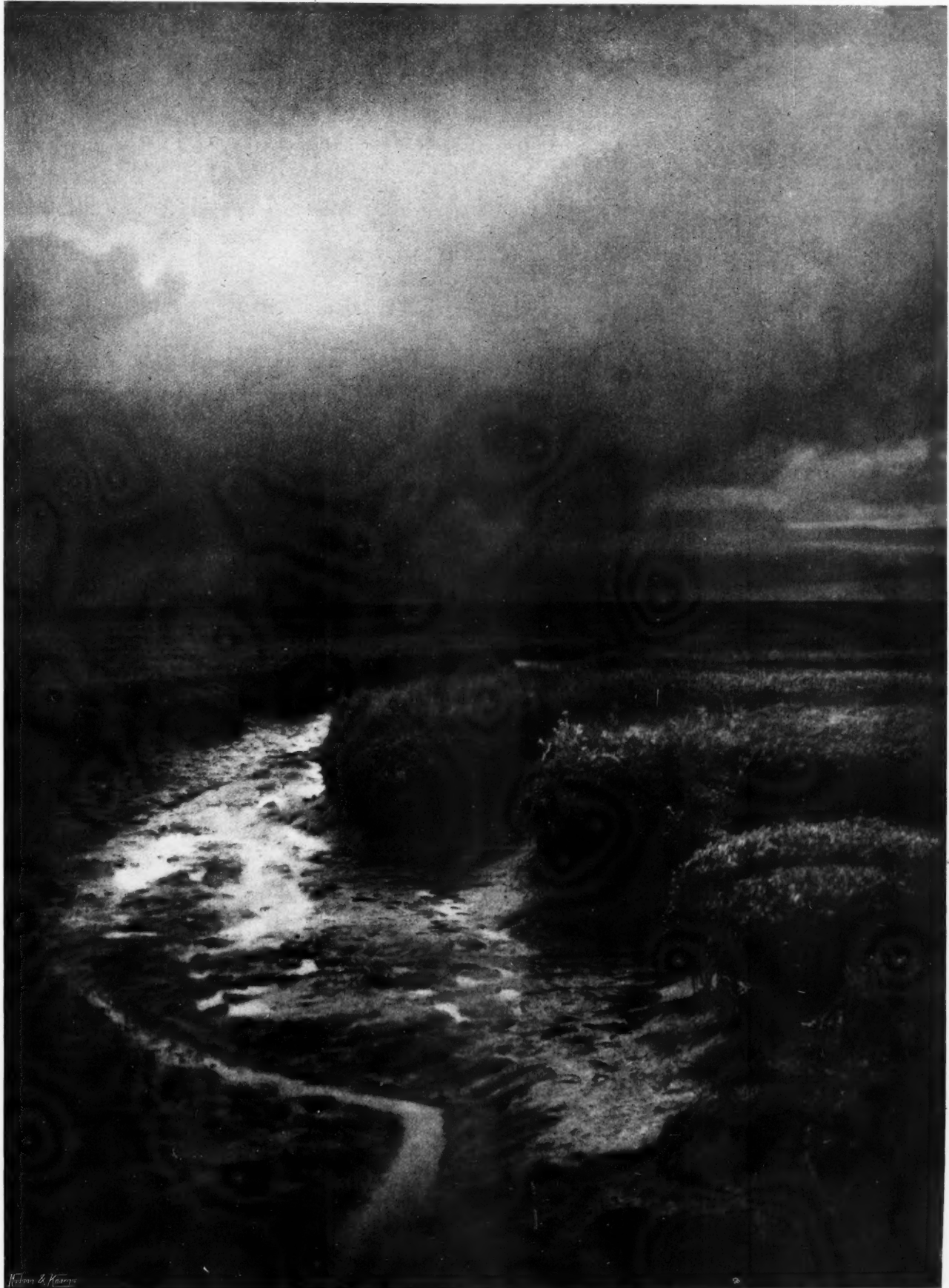
W. Rawlings.

THE DAILY ROUND, THE COMMON TASK.

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broken waves are driven far across the sand and the mud till salt wins a tremendous victory; spray falls like rain in the sunken pools and on the thrift-tufts, while the shaking rushes are all blown inland until it seems that they struggle to fly from the cruel sea. Few little trees can grow on the windy face of the

do their black brethren of further inland. The country is strangely deserted and all activity is centred in the little town itself on its waterway to the sea. There is a long, low quay, with a black end where the coal-barges unload, and an unsavoury end where the fishing-boats bring the fish to the salting houses.



A. Horsley Hinton.

"THE HAUNTS OF HERN AND COOT."

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rising land, and the bold ones that make the attempt are bent nearly to the earth with the weight of a thousand storms on their backs; but bolder ploughmen force their way almost down to meet the marshes, and as they make their furrows in the rich-coloured earth great pale flocks of seagulls follow to seize the pickings turned up with the subsoil, enjoying them as much as

Little boys always sit along the edge of the quay with their fishing-rods—their lines and floats for ever drifting in the strong tide and endlessly tangling with the mooring ropes of the brightly-painted boats, or the green slime-covered piles that are driven far into the mud. A dirty little ferry-boat with blistered brown paint is always ready to take passengers across, and its

name, Oflo, is jauntily painted on the prow by an amateur hand in crooked white capitals with no regard for spacing.

If the little fisher-boys need change of sport they can get it at the pains of a long walk down to the sandy river's mouth.



Louie Rolfe.

THE PILES OF AN ANCIENT JETTY.

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For there, from the stone breakwater, they can catch the brightly-coloured bass, using those terrible, many-legged, yellow sand-worms for bait. It is profitable for us on our search for beauty to meander even down this same path, where the land is so flat

that the horizon closes in and the sea is but a thin, pale streak. As one walks along the dyked bank one passes at intervals rather shaky, long-legged wooden piers that jut over the deep mud-banks to the shrunken low-tide river. The ancient

water-logged spars and piles look as if they had better be taken away and cut up into those charming little logs that burn blue flame on every cottage hearth in the town. It seems an open country where nothing could be hid, but old men declare that once it was a great haunt of smugglers, who knew of many a winding path through the marsh. Perhaps the very unlikelihood of the honest-looking coast helped them. An old seaman became quite confidential one foggy day when I met him on the river bank, and the thick white mists closed round us to a sort of privacy. He talked quite freely and with evident gusto of his wild youth, which he had spent as a smuggler, claiming with professional pride a clearer knowledge of the coast on dark nights, and of good secret hiding-places, than any other man in England. He started life as a shepherd-boy in one of the inland villages that lie hidden among the downs, but one day as he whiled away the long hours in the open air he came upon a quantity of kegs hidden in an old barn. He reported on the find to his father, who seemed in no way astonished, but told him to keep quiet about it. When he had proved himself faithful with this secret, the smugglers trusted him yet further, and on many a black night he would have mysterious orders to see that his sheep were on a certain part of the downs, and then as the smuggling band wound inland with their goods, he would drive his sheep across and across, to destroy the tracks. After a while he threw in his lot with them and sailed to many a port; now he spends the end of his life, a contented old loafer, in the tiny harbour.

Thus if the beauty of the marsh does not satisfy the critic's taste, there is a human element to be added; and reaching even further back than these smuggling reminiscences, is its historical interest. For is there not proof in more than one museum that the more timid of ancient men found it a safe retreat, and with stakes driven in and faggots piled made a solid place which no enemy could reach without knowledge of the secret way? If therefore one holds in affection the little town that lies on the mud-banks just where the river emerges from the valleys, there is the tradition of generations in support, reaching back to a race one might scarcely recognise as kin, that probably had very primitive ideas as to the beauty to be found on the marsh. Go out, therefore, with the intention of

gleaning all enjoyment possible, even from such scenery as belongs to so-called "dull country." Put aside reservations as to mountains and waterfalls, and Nature, who is generous, will give pleasures in plenty.

SYBIL BLUNT.



Dr. R. Smith.

AT LOW TIDE.

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Dr. R. Smith.

A MARSHLAND HARBOUR.

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METHLEY, like its neighbours Temple Newsam and Kippax, is a great house in a park, caught, to its misfortune, by the net of railways that make for Leeds, Dewsbury and Wakefield. All the discomfort of Yorkshire prosperity is at hand; the drift of smoke comes down the air from far-distant chimneys, collieries throw up their dark mounds and the water of Calder flows inkily foul from the washing of shoddy.

Most of Methley parish is low-lying land between Calder and Aire, Methley Hall being on higher ground west of the church, its wooded deer park and broad gardens protecting it as well as may be from the change that beleaguers it. The hall is on an ancient site, the chief house of a manor which was Ilbert de Lacy's at the Conquest, a member of that vast holding called in later days the Honour of Pomfret. Ilbert held here in 1087 what Osulf and Cnut, a brace of Danes or Norsemen by the names of them, had held in Edward's time; and, like many another of the Lacy manors, the Church had it for souls' sake of the Lacys. St. Nicholas Hospital of Pomfret, a Lacy foundation, enjoyed its rents until 1410, when Thomas Tolston, the hospital warden, had licence to convey it in exchange for the advowsons of Gosberkirk and Wath to John Waterton of Waterton in Lincolnshire. This new lay lord of Methley was a soldier and a stout man of his hands, or he would never have been squire of the body to Henry IV., husband of a daughter of the ruthless Clifford lords and a favoured servant of that king-paladin, Henry V., whose comptroler of household he was.

His heir, when he came to die, was an only daughter; but Sir Robert his brother had his lands in Methley and elsewhere, and, settling here, married Cecily Fleming, heir of the Woodhall in Stanley. By his will Sir Robert gave 200 marks for making anew the chapel on the south side of Methley church, and in that chapel he lies by Cecily his wife. You see him there in alabaster to this day, a rose-wrought wreath about the temples of his bold-featured face. He is armed to the neck in plate harness, his feet on a lion, his arming sword and dagger buckled to the rich belt round his hips, a helm for pillow. Dame Cecily is beside him, and at her feet crouch the small hounds that

she fedde

With roasted flesh or milk and wastel bread.

Once on the frieze of the screen above were lines that begged the stranger to

Pray for the soul of Robert Waterton and Cecily his wife
That God will take to his kingdom their poor and endless life.

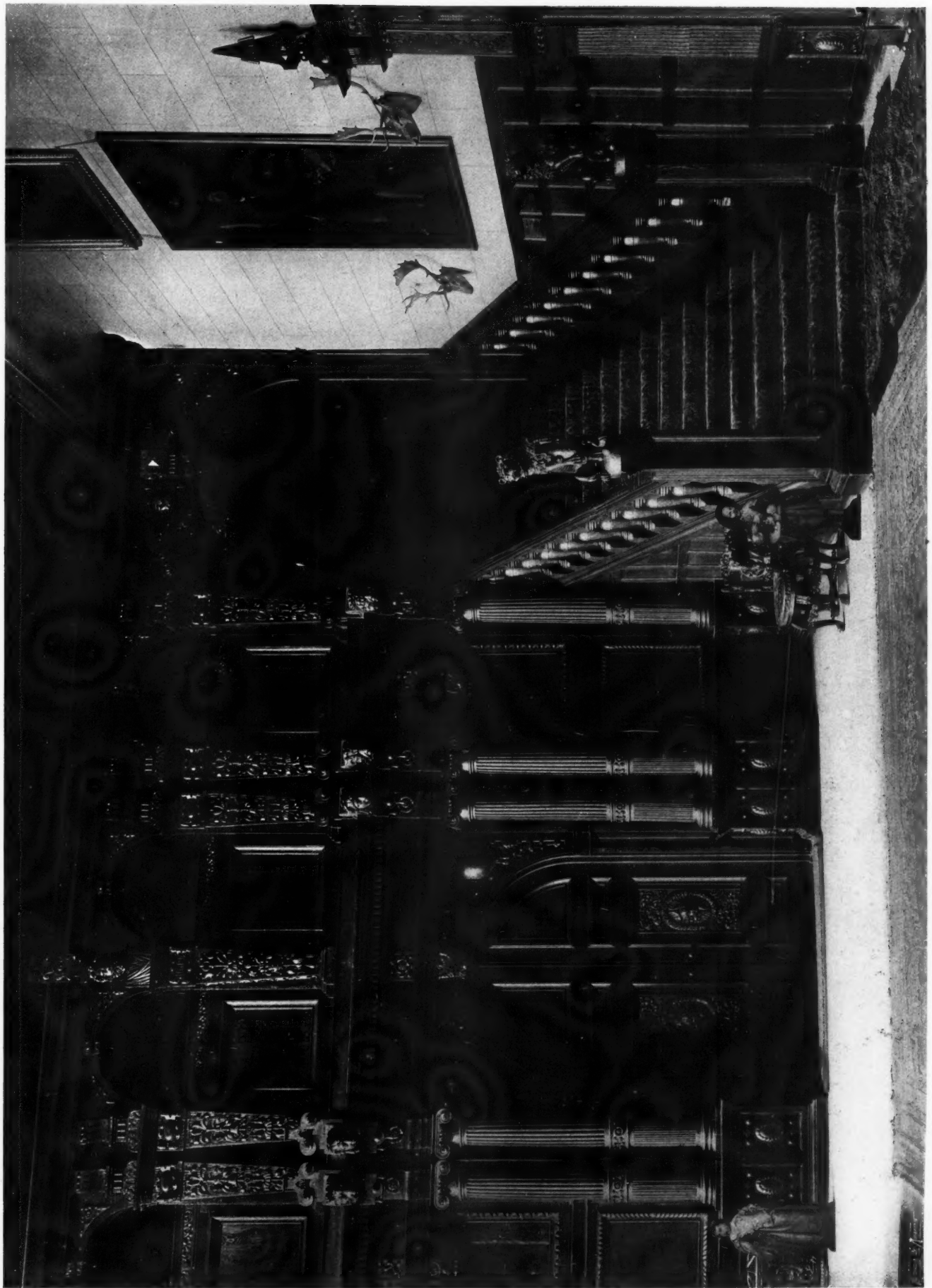
Robert Waterton was a soldier like the brother whose lands he came to enjoy. Four kings they served, these two, for John Waterton's comptrollership did not fail till Henry VI. was on the throne, and this Robert Waterton had served Richard II. and the usurping Bolingbroke in turn, following the Earl of Westmorland when he essayed to cut off rebel Northumberland before Bramham Moor. Near by is a tomb, which marks the next step in the history of Methley, for the knight upon its slab is the man who, when old Sir Robert's son was dead, childless,



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METHLEY HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



'COUNTRY LIFE.'

THE HALL SCREEN.

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had the lands with young Sir Robert's sister. This sumptuous effigy is for Sir Lyon Welles, the sixth Lord Welles, who is here in his armour, beautiful in wrought alabaster, with the black lion of Welles on his tabard and the Garter at his knee. His fair and delicate dame, the Waterton heiress, lies beside him, having, like her mother, her little dogs by her feet. A soldier, this Lord Welles, and one who died in his harness. He was made knight at Leicester with his king and friend, by the hands of the warrior Bedford. Brought up beside his young sovereign, the Lord Welles was up for the Red Rose of Lancaster when the troubles came, and his life has filled Methley with stories of

the wars. He followed the losing side, loyal while many were changing, was at the second fight of St. Albans, when King Henry, standing in the place which is called No-man's-land, saw his people slain on both sides of him, and in the next month fought his last field at Towton by Tadcaster. In the dark of a wintry Palm Sunday morning the two hosts met. The White Rose of Rouen and the Ragged Staff bore all before them, and the blood of slain men, said one who fought there, mingling with the snow on the earth, ran in horrible wise down furrows and ditches for a two and three miles course. King Harry and the Queen fled northward to Berwick, and the



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OLD OAK STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A 1593 MANTEL-PIECE: OLD HAND-MADE FLOCK PAPER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

dead corpse of the Lord Welles was borne away to his vault at Methley.

As with many another great house of barons, the thirty years' civil war struck this way and that among these lords of Methley, killing them by generations. Robert Welles, the son of Lyon by his Waterton bride, fought by his father at St. Albans, but after Towton came in and made his peace with the new king, the more easily, it may be, by reason of his kinship with the Nevilles. This alliance was, in the end, the death of this lord and his young son. The son plotted with Warwick,

and being one of those daring lads whom the desperate times had bred, angered the king by foraying house and lands of Sir John Borough, a knight of the royal household. To have security for him Edward called the Lord Welles to London. Vainly this poor lord pleaded sickness, the royal hand beckoned him up. At Westminster Richard Welles took a sudden fear and ran into sanctuary, from which he allowed himself to be drawn by the promise of a king who held promises very lightly. He came forth, and Edward carried him, for more safety, northward with his host, and at Huntingdon, in sudden anger at the



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WINDOWS OF THE OLD HALL.

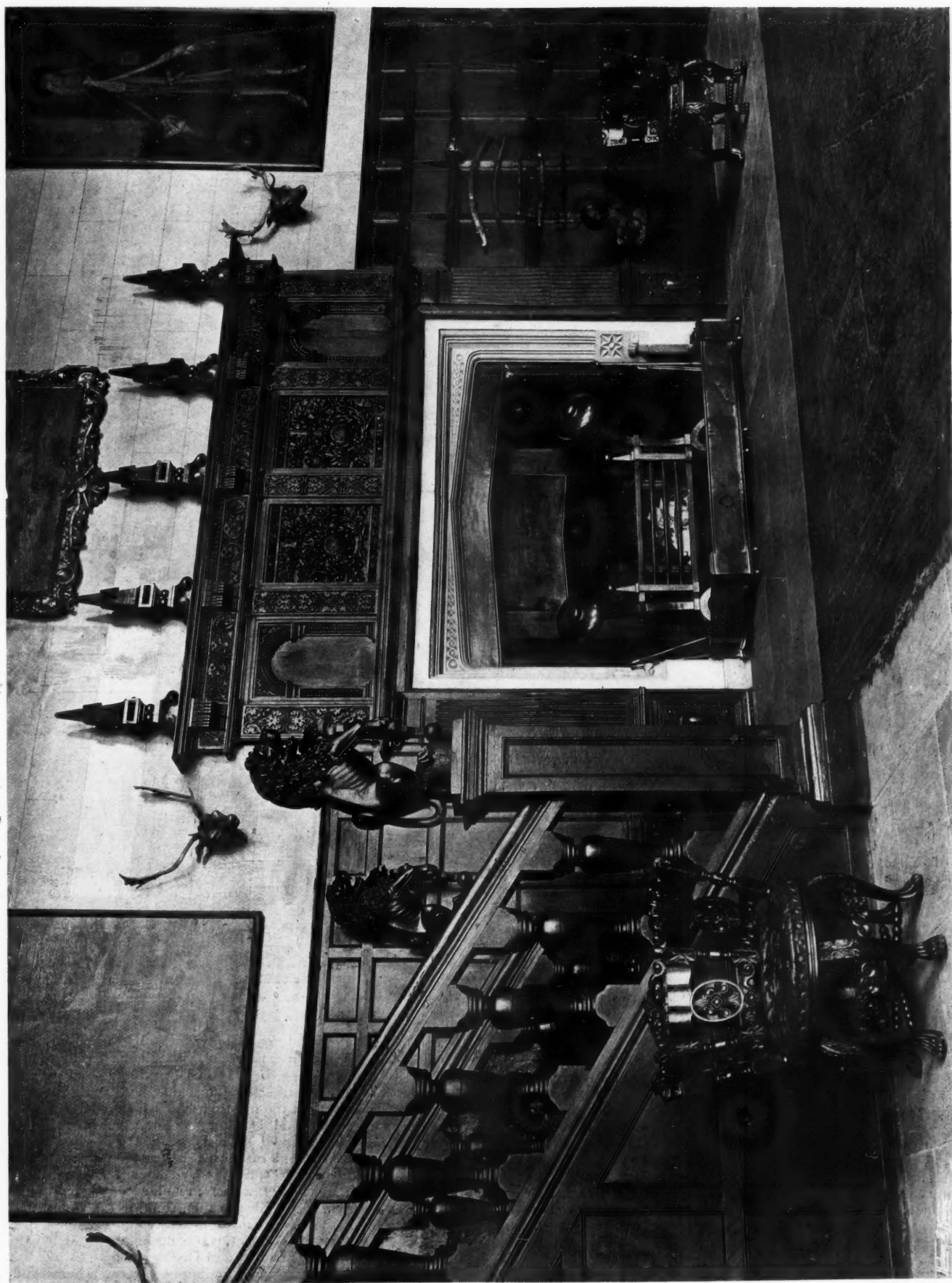
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE OLD NORTH-WEST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



FOOT OF THE STAIRWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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young man's stubborn rebellion, the King bid them hew off the head of the Lord Welles. The wild son risked all in a skirmish at Stamford, and had the same measure dealt out to him by the King. Last of the Lords Welles came John, who had caught the spirit of the winning side. He was a Lancastrian, to whom Edward was reconciled, a lord who was at Richard's crowning, yet against him in arms at Bosworth field. Therefore he had the name of a safe and cautious man, and as such he was given a king's daughter for a bride and sat as a Viscount in a Garter stall, dying in his bed, honoured of all. At his death the lands of Welles were divided among female heirs.

When Richard, Lord Welles, was beheaded at Huntingdon, there died with him his brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Dymoke, husband of his sister Margaret, and when the division came Methley fell to the Dymoke share. These were Dymokes of Scrivelsby, a manor which they hold to this day. Everyone knows by what strange service they hold it, and how at the crowning of a king of England, a Dymoke must ride into Westminster Hall when the king sits at his banquet, and then, clad in full harness and bestriding a charger of the best, must challenge all men in defence of the king's right, with iron glove

and peerages came to the race. An illegitimate offshoot of the old Thornhill line gave the Lords Savile of Pomfret, the second of whom, false to both parties, was Earl of Sussex the year before his king finally impeached his treason. The main Thornhill line bred a better man for higher honours in George Savile, Marquess of Halifax, the great Trimmer, "Jotham of piercing wit and pregnant thought," the pleasant cynic who "believed as much as he could" and walked delicately in the middle way.

The first Savile at Methley was the eldest of three notable brethren, of whom Henry, the second son, has the wider fame at home and abroad. "Savillius, vir doctissimus" was the Virgin Queen's tutor in that Greek tongue which in later years she confessed herself to have forgotten. With the Burghley influence and the Walsingham at his back he chose to use them to gain so retired an office as the wardenship of Merton College, where he ruled warden and autocrat, banqueting Queen and Council at the high table in his hall in 1592. Looking around him for a benefice wherewith to supplement the Merton revenues he coveted the provostship of Eton. For this he was ineligible under the statutes; but although the Queen sought in vain to



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NORTH-EAST ANGLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

thrice cast upon the pavement. It is characteristic of the age that the same Dymoke served to defy the foes of both Richard Crookback and Harry Tudor, a Dymoke of Scrivelsby and of Methley, his son serving each of Henry VIII's three children at their crownings. But under Elizabeth the Dymokes did not prosper. Sir Robert, in 1580, is said to have died a captive recusant at Lincoln, and Sir Edward, his son, was the last who could keep his hands on the Methley title deeds.

The learned Whitaker leaves the history of Methley a blank for the greater part of the sixteenth century, being unable to trace during that period the adventures of the manor. But its course is clear enough. The bundles of feet of fines show that Edward Dymoke parts with it to one Harrison in 1583, and before ten years are over, John Savile of Bradley, a new manorlord, has set his initials on his new building of the house which, with its lands, he had probably bought about the Armada year. With John Savile a true Yorkshireman came in. Rising in Dodworth and Golcar in the fourteenth century, these Sayvilles or Saviles by marriage with the heir of Eland had the manor of Eland, and in the next generation gained in like fashion the lands of Thornhill with a daughter of that house. Soon half the parishes round about had their Savile, and nearly thirty branches of Savile knights and squires may be reckoned. Baronetcies

"stop his mouth" with such good things as her secretaryship in the Latin tongue and the deanery of Carlisle *in commendam*, this stubborn Yorkshireman persisted, and, all the Cecils to aid, had his will at last, being Eton provost in the teeth of all statutes. At Eton he banqueted King James and had knighthood for his hospitality. But for the most part he lived at Merton, honoured as "the magazine of all learning," and in royal favour, although when King James would have Tuesday sermons in the colleges on the well-worn text of sacred majesty's miraculous escape from the Ruthven dirks, Sir Henry Savile forbade any such in the Merton pulpit. For a last monument of his erudition he collated all texts of St. Chrysostom, printing the whole works of that father of the Church in eight folio volumes from a specially cast fount of type, a work, as Casaubon said, "done at private cost in a royal spirit." The friend of Bodley, he assisted the foundation of Bodley's library, and finding geometry all but abandoned in England, and astronomy neglected, he endowed those Savillian professorships, which endure to this day. Aubrey records of this great don that he was "an extraordinary handsome man, no lady having a finer complexion," and we know something of his Merton manner, for "give me," he would say, "the plodding students. For wits I would go to Newgate. There be the wits." With him as a fellow of Merton he kept a learned

younger brother, famous for his knowledge of British antiquities, a taste which he shared with their elder. It is one of the freakish incidents of a family pedigree that his only child,

. . . the learned Savile's heir
So early wise and lasting fair,

should make him grandfather to so light and scandalous a being as the wicked Sir Charles Sedley of Restoration times.

John Savile, eldest of the three brothers and the builder of Methley Hall, was a lawyer whose progress can be traced step by step—Serjeant-at-Law, Baron of the Exchequer and Chief Justice of the Palatine Court of Lancaster. Advanced by Burghley's influence, his legal life is chiefly famous for that he was one of those Barons of the Exchequer upholding the dangerous doctrine that a king's prerogative allowed him to levy impositions on exports and imports. His private life has a better story, for he was one of the little company that gathered to the first meeting of the Society of Antiquaries in 1572, and Camden knew him as a patron of the study. Camden, who had letters from him correcting errors in the "Britannia," speaks of his collections and notes the inscription on a Roman altar in his old home at Bradley. He was four times married, his place in the pedigree being a meeting-place of many marriages, for his third wife, the second chosen by him from the family of Wentworths, had been twice a widow, marrying Sir John Savile after her second husband, stout Martin Frobisher the navigator, captain of the *Triumph* against the Armada, had died of his wound taken in the Brest expedition. He died in London, but his heart was carried to his Yorkshire home, and in Methley church the judge in his long robe, flat cap and ruff is carved lying with one of his four wives, on either side of their son, a cavalier in armour.

The elder of his two sons, a baronet and vice-president of the North under Wentworth, had no surviving child, so John Savile the younger succeeded to Methley. As a young man he had travelled in Italy, and the editor of his father's "Reports" records with pride that the ducal head of the house of Savelli in Italy recognised him as a distant cousin, the resemblance of surnames easily bridging the gap of centuries without the superfluous aid of records. Four generations from the Duke's Yorkshire cousin came John Saville, who had the Irish barony and viscounty of Pollington in 1753 and the earldom of Mexborough in 1766.

Methley Hall is still, we may take it, the house built by Sir John Savile the judge, whose I. S., with the date of 1593, appears on part of it. But it has suffered change upon change. Descending as it has done from father to son ever since John Savile succeeded his brother in 1633, each generation has left its

mark. The glory of the old house was its long gallery, in whose windows the arms of all the gentle neighbours and kinsfolk of the Wapentake were ranked in shields of coloured glass, but the shields were sold and scattered in the early Victorian period.

Oulton stone is the material of the mass of buildings, an enduring material; but our picture of the old hall front shows how few details have escaped renewal. The great size of the three hall windows, each crossed by four transoms, will be remarked. We have, perhaps, the best view of the old work in the line of gables and irregularly-set windows of our photograph of the north-western front. With the view of the front of the house before us we see a great disguising of the work of the first Earl, whose arms are set high in the midst of it, as well as those of his son, the second Earl, in whose time the house within doors was held one of the most splendidly appointed in West Yorkshire for its damasks and gilt mouldings, its Sieneese marbles and rich velvets. An engraving of 1822 shows this rectangular block of buildings as capped with a pediment, which held the shield, coronet and supporters as we see them to-day. The roof was edged with a stone balustrading, the windows were sashed and the two imposing bays showed their beginnings as two summer-house-like projections from the ground floor. But on the death of the second Earl in 1830 the great Anthony Salvin was called in, the restorer of many score halls and manor houses, to whom a free hand was given at Methley, as at Windsor and the Tower, Naworth and Alnwick. To this redoubtable pupil of Nash we owe, doubtless, most that meets the eye to-day at Methley, which is now castellated and mullioned, Gothicised in the true early Salvin manner. At least we may say that he left it an imposing mass of masonry. Within doors the old hall keeps more of its ancient character, thanks to sound oak, slow to decay. In a stately room, high wainscoted with timber panels, the lion supporters of the Mexboroughs guard their shields on the newel-posts of a broad oaken stairway to the gallery above the Elizabethan screen, which Ionic pillars support. Remark on the floor of this hall, hung about with weapons and bucks' heads, two little figures of children—late seventeenth century figures, painted on board, after the curious fancy which came to us from the Low Countries—the one a boy in a full peruke caressing a kitten, the other a younger child still in long coats. The fireplace figured by us has its mantel-panel with a shield of Savile quartered with Golcar, flanked by rude figures of Hope and some less-recognisable virtue. The staircase with which another illustration is concerned is remarkable for the heads of its newel-posts, most boldly pierced and moulded, the lower parts of the posts being carved with strapwork in low relief.

GSWALD BARRON.

THE BI-CENTENARY OF LINNÆUS.

CELEBRATIONS AT UPSALA.

SWEDEN has been making great preparations to commemorate the bi-centenary of the birth of one of her most distinguished sons, and with true Scandinavian hospitality has bidden representatives of all the universities, learned institutions and societies throughout the world to join with her in paying tribute to the genius of Linnæus. Early in the year invitations, couched in the most elegant and scholarly Latin—the language employed by Linnæus in his famous writings—were despatched to each country and nation. The result will be a gathering of all the first and foremost in those sciences which, roughly speaking, have to do with the study of Nature in her manifold aspects—zoology, botany and the like.

Linnæus was born on May 23rd (May 13th, old style) at Råshult in Småland, which for the sake of the uninitiated—and few English people appear to know that the Swedish å is equal to our o—is pronounced Smoland in the south-east of the peninsula and on the direct line from Malmo to Stockholm. By a coincidence the pioneer scientific work in most countries commences with the dawn of the eighteenth century, in zoology with Raye in England, and with Swammerdam, for example, in Holland, and a long line of French savants, from whose researches and conclusions Linnæus evolved his own more perfect system, and, as has been well said, "reduced chaos to cosmos." It is also interesting, perhaps, to note that at the time when the first edition of the "Systema Naturæ"—a modest brochure of some fourteen pages—was being published at Leyden, our own Gilbert White, who was to make the study of Nature a pleasure and a pastime for succeeding generations, was a student at Oriel College, Oxford. From his earliest childhood Linnæus showed an absorbing interest in plant and insect life; the eldest son of a minister and of a minister's daughter, he had the advantage of a training in a home of more than usual culture, and was intended to follow in his father's footsteps. His first entomological

experiments were, however, a continual source of annoyance and alarm to the worthy pastor, for Karl had an inveterate habit of collecting every living creature he came across, and the peace of the rectory garden was threatened by swarms of wasps and wild bees; while the young Linnæus not only proved an unwilling worker at school, but something of a dillard into the bargain. Indeed, as might be expected, the primary school and gymnasium of that day offered little besides the cut-and-dried curriculum of an essentially classical period; and so little progress did he make on the accepted lines of education that his parents actually thought of apprenticing their son to the village cobbler. But, happily, at this critical moment, he was brought into contact with a congenial doctor, who was struck by his powers of careful and minute observation, and prevailed on Linnæus's father to send him to the University at Lund, whence, having quickly exhausted his slender allowance in the purchase of such botanical and scientific books as were then available, he presently migrated to Upsala. The conditions of life in the university of Sweden have changed little apparently since Linnæus, after two years' struggle, at length succeeded to the dignity of an assistant lecturer on botany. A more complete contrast than a Swedish and one of our older English universities it would be difficult to imagine, whether at the time when Linnæus matriculated, or in these less exclusive and less conservative days. A closer parallel might be found in one or other of the poorer Scottish universities, for the troubles of a sizar in unreformed Cambridge, or of a scholar in aristocratic Oxford, do not compare with the difficulties besetting the clever, but poverty-stricken, youth of Sweden. At neither University do our "unattached" and "non-collegiates" have to undergo such privations as are common to the majority of Scandinavian undergraduates. Linnæus was soon driven to seek employment as a gardener, and it is amusing to hear that his qualifications in this branch of domestic duty were not

considered sufficient, though this was within a few months of his appointment to lecture in the university. And to this day there are many Swedish students in humble circumstances who, while under the wing of Alma Mater, depend almost entirely for their keep and the cost of their books on the charity of the townsfolk, to whom a payment of from four to five crowns a month is the full extent of remuneration. As for the amusements and recreations, the parties and entertainments, which more than fill the leisure of young Oxford and Cambridge, they are unknown even to the richest set, the height of whose dissipation culminates in the pleasant lime-shaded café, known as the "hole in the beehive," where coffee and, on gala nights, sweet Swedish punch are dealt out at the most moderate prices. For, though something of a city, uniform simplicity pervades the whole of Upsala, with its lowly wooden houses, destitute of architectural beauty, and the narrow cobbled streets ending abruptly, as do the gardens at the backs of the best dwellings, in ploughed fields or copses of the universal birch. Even the cathedral, so imposing in the distance as an exact reproduction of Alençon in brick, loses somewhat, for this reason, on a closer view. Within, however, it is "all glorious" with the magnificent alabaster entombment of Gustavus Vasa, showing in forcible contrast to the plain stone which, let into the central aisle, marks the grave of Linnæus. Immediately opposite the west door and on higher ground is the "Sheldonian" of the university, in which the celebration ceremonies are to be held.

But the *Sturm und Drang* period of Linnæus's life, if sufficiently exacting while it lasted, was not for long; he endured his poverty with a light heart, conscious of the wider world about him, of which he was already ruler and citizen alike; while the frugal habits forced upon him by necessity were presently to serve him in good stead, when, after his first recognition in the schools, he was despatched to explore scientifically the then almost unknown regions of Lapland and Finmark—a service he performed at no more cost to his university than a twenty pound note, covering some 4,000 miles and paying all travelling expenses. A quarrel with a rival professor, however, soon sent him away from Upsala again, and he found a congenial sphere at Leyden. The Dutch gardeners were also more appreciative than the Swedish, for, while the learned Gronovius published the first edition of the "Systema" at his own expense, the merchants of Amsterdam—it was then the hour of the tulip mania—were well pleased to play Mæcenæ to the distinguished foreigner. From Holland he passed to England. Natural science held but a precarious footing in the Oxford of the early eighteenth century. But if Sir Hans Sloane, of museum fame, gave him small encouragement in London, and the university at first not much more, he left us the best of friends.

And so back to Leyden, where the "Genera Plantarum" was to be completed, and on to Paris, whence again he came home after three years to marry and settle down as a physician in Stockholm. But by now his old rivals in the university had seen fit to revise their opinions. The Chair of Medicine was vacant. It was voted to Linnæus, who very soon exchanged it for the Chair of Botany, and from that time onward his career was to be one of unclouded success. In fifteen years his works had brought him in enough to purchase a comfortable estate; seven years later he achieved the distinction of being the first scientific man honoured by knighthood in Sweden, and received a patent of nobility which converted him into Carl von Linné, accompanied by the coat of arms perpetuated in the device of the Linnean Society of London. Meanwhile, during the tenure of his office, he had evolved the science of botany from something not much better than the quackery of the herbalist. Just as a century earlier his great countryman, Tycho Brahe, had rescued astronomy from the humbug of astrology, so Linnæus elevated the study of natural history, of animals, of insects, and of plants. From the time of the publication of his first "Systema Naturæ," there follows an endless procession of treatises on these subjects, with new editions ever widening the field of discovery and observation. But if he was not the first to divide his kingdoms into genera—for he obviously began his labours where Raye and others had showed the way—he actually

invented the binominal system, and gave us the "trivial" or "specific" name which governs all modern classification.

"He sifted out with unrivalled skill the observations of his predecessors, separating the ore from the dross, and concentrating the scattered rays of light into one focus," says one of his greatest English disciples and admirers. Further, and in the lighter regions of zoology, he may be regarded as the father of all the field-clubs which have sprung into existence since he recognised the importance of the study of local fauna and flora as a key to the universal composition. And when, in the years which immediately followed his death, the minds of men were less occupied with the domestic economy of Nature, and more with the purely political departments of national life, it was largely due to his influence that the lamp of science was kept burning through the period of the great wars which devastated Europe for close upon a century. His "system," it is true, for a time fell into discredit. The hardly less original, but, in proof, less sound theories of the French savants held the field for a time; but now, 200 years after the birth of Linnæus, he has emerged triumphant from the war of systems and creeds, and Upsala herself is also but "concentrating the scattered rays" which warm the hearts of the universities and other learned bodies, as well as a host of individual workers in every country and of every race, with gratitude for the organiser of order and system in the natural world. And how great a debt we owe him is not easily to be measured. A deeper knowledge of creation has led to the improvement and the ennobling of the conditions, both material and intellectual, under which we live. The example of orderliness alone is a lesson for which we have every reason to be thankful. For, happily, the day when men would sneer at the humbler workers in the fields of Nature is over, and not a few of the greatest minds of this and other countries have confessed the obligations they owe to early and unremitting diligence in one or other of the "Linnean" sciences. To quote, in conclusion, a single striking example: "I think it impossible to estimate too highly," wrote the late Sir James Paget, "the influence of the study of botany on my life. It introduced me to the society of studious and observant men; it gave me ambition for success . . . it encouraged the habit of observing, of really looking at things, and learning the value of exact descriptions; it educated me in the habit of orderly arrangement; . . . I can think of none among the reasons of my success which may not be thought of as due in some degree to this part of my life." And in this appreciation is summed up the usefulness of the life and labours of Carolus Linnæus.

OLIVER GREY.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE DOUBLE PRIMROSES.

THE following note concerns these beautiful flowers, which many find difficult to grow: "The appearance of the Double Primroses in gardens would suggest to the uninitiated that it is an easy matter to manage them; and so it is, when the conditions are favourable, for, in fact, they look after their own affairs with perfect success. But they are coy beauties, and one reason why they are seen looking happy in gardens is that when they are not they soon disappear. Several varieties are worth growing, and all are beautiful, but the double white,



W. Reid.

PHEASANT'S EYE BY WOODLAND.

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double lilac and double red are the most exquisite of all and worth any amount of trouble to ensure a free growth and a mass of bloom. Double Primroses require a deep, moist, loamy soil, a particularly shaded situation and to be often looked after, or they will not thrive. These flowers also require a comparatively pure air; a dry soil is fatal to them, and when there is any doubt about their doing well be careful to water them freely during the summer. As mentioned before, a deep, moist, loamy soil is required, but they will thrive in clay, sand or peat. If it is borne in mind that a free rooting ground and constant moisture are essential those who wish to grow the Double Primroses on poor sand or stubborn clay will find it a good plan to dig deeply, break up the staple well and mix with it a liberal allowance of fat manure; the rest is easy. They must have food, and they esteem shade and moisture. When happily placed they grow like weeds. The choicer Primroses are increased by division, and the months of May and June are the most suitable for the operation, because there is a longer growing season before them. But there is a great danger of destroying the stock when inexperienced cultivators divide their plants in summer. My advice is to leave them undisturbed until they become large thriving clumps, and then to divide them in the month of August. In the meantime give them liberal supplies of water in dry weather, and if the soil is known to be somewhat poor, give weak liquid manure once a week through the growing season. Do not be alarmed at the quick growth of the leaves, for in proportion to the leaf growth in summer will be the beauty of the flowers in the succeeding spring."

PREPARING FOR SUMMER.

Before these notes are in print preparations will have been made for the summer flowers—those to give beauty to the beds until frosts again occur to trouble tender vegetation. It is now the delightful custom to bring the flowers of spring to the beds, and therefore these must be removed to give place to the Dahlias, blue Salvias, or whatever the fancy of the gardener dictates. We may well linger for a few moments over the expiring flowers of the Primrose, Polyanthus, Aubrietias, yellow Alyssum and the gay throng which colours the spring months. When taking them from the beds handle them as if the intention really were to bring them back again in autumn. When the clumps seem overgrown, an opportunity presents itself of dividing them for an increase of stock, and to a shady corner the plants should go, a place where they will be screened from the hottest sun, but where they will not be forgotten. During the summer months water these spring favourites freely to maintain their vigour during the season of rest. Then dig the beds, and in the case of strong-growing plants, such as the Dahlia, a good forkful of well-decayed manure under the roots, but not in actual contact with them, will result in a bountiful display of flowers. One beautiful association of colour we noticed last year consisted of the blue Ageratum as an edging, with the centre of the bed filled with the scarlet Lobelia Firefly, and another the white Godetia as a groundwork to Salvia patens, one of the bluest of blue summer flowers. The great point to aim at is simplicity, and avoid crowding the plants, the result of this being a thick unwholesome-looking growth towards the end of summer, long before the frosts set in to destroy tender vegetation. And before putting out the plants remember the wisdom of

thoroughly hardening them off to avoid any check when full exposure to the air takes place. Weeks of waiting for a flare of bloom are the result of this inattention to an essential detail. Seedlings of annual flowers are growing apace, and we have just given another severe thinning to ensure that rich growth which, without this timely attention, is impossible. Beds have been planted with the Ostrich Plume China Aster and Phlox Drummondii, two annuals of surpassing beauty, and flowering freely until the autumn.

RANDOM NOTES.

The Herbaceous Calceolaria.—Many years have flown since we have seen a more beautiful race of the quaint herbaceous Calceolaria than that possessed by Messrs. James and Son in their nursery garden at Woodside, Fareham Royal, Slough. The plants not only show excellent culture, but the colouring of the flowers is delightfully varied, the big "pouches" sometimes spotted with a deep crimson on a pale yellow ground, sometimes a clear beautiful rose self, and sometimes as soft in shade as the Primrose of the copse. We confess to a deep love for the herbaceous Calceolaria; it may be accused of a certain rigid formality, but the pleasingly green vigorous leafage and the wealth of flowers are strangely attractive to the writer. This beautiful selection deserves a high appreciation in the world of indoor flowers.

In Lilac-time.—Once again the scent of the Lilac is in the air; the bushes are bent with the heavy flower-clusters, and they give to many a backyard its early summer beauty. The Lilac, happily for us, is one of the Mark Tapleys of the shrub world. It is grateful for attention in removing suckers which spring from the base of the stems, and is not averse to a good soil; but without these aids it will flower with freedom, so much so that one may pick flower-laden shoots to fill the big jars in the house. A bowlful or jarful of Lilac blossom is pleasant to see; it breathes of the summer air and sunshine, and to the writer is more satisfying than a box of costly Orchids. We have planted many bushes of the single white Marie Legrange, but the ordinary or "common" Lilac, as it is called, is to our mind as beautiful as any; its fragrance is delicious, and for this reason we have it near the house, into which its warm subtle odour floats on the drowsy May evenings when the garden after the heat of the day renews its freshness. There are many varieties of the Lilac, the majority raised by that veteran French hybridist, M. Lemoine. Of the single sorts our affections are centred upon Marie Legrange and Alba grandiflora, both of the purest white; Souvenir de L. Scäth, deep purple, perhaps the darkest of all Lilacs; and Virginité, soft pink. Of the double Lilacs none is so fair as Mme. Lemoine, each flower like a little rosette, and borne in profusion—a variety for all good gardens. Alphonse Lavallée, Lemoinei and President Grévy form a pretty trio, with flowers of purplish shades. Besides the common Lilac and the family clustered round it, a few species or wild kinds deserve recognition. The Persian Lilac (*Syringa persica*) is more plentiful in Afghanistan than in Persia, and there is a distinct beauty in the clusters of pale lilac flowers; it is not so tall as the ordinary Lilac and more spreading—a kind to group on the outskirts of the lawn. *Syringa amurensis*, creamy white, the Chinese or Rouen Lilac (*S. chinensis*), the strongly-scented Himalayan *S. Emodi*, *S. japonica* and the Hungarian *S. Josikæa* are all beautiful in their several degrees.

LITANY IN SPRING.

By these Thy bugles, blown from cairn and crest,
By this Thy banner, shaken wide and free,
By these Thine armies, born at Thy behest,
That clothed with might have compassed land and sea,

And bound with gold each upland, bleak and brown,
And spread with stars each way Thy heralds went,
Ah, hear us, Lord, and by Thy grace bend down,
Break Thou for us our winter of content,

Lest we, foreknowing change of scene and time,
With eyes grown dull, should smile and say, "In spring,
'Twas always thus, far crests for Hope to climb,
Big windy words, and vain imagining."

And smile again, and say, "But age, grown wise,
Builds walls about its little plot of earth,
That so, no hill-tops challenging its eyes,
Disquiet dreams lie strangled at their birth."

Ah, God, by ev'ry wild and wilful breath,
That stirs this air to-day with eager life,
By all that craves, unsatisfied with death,
Its boon from Thee of stern and splendid strife,

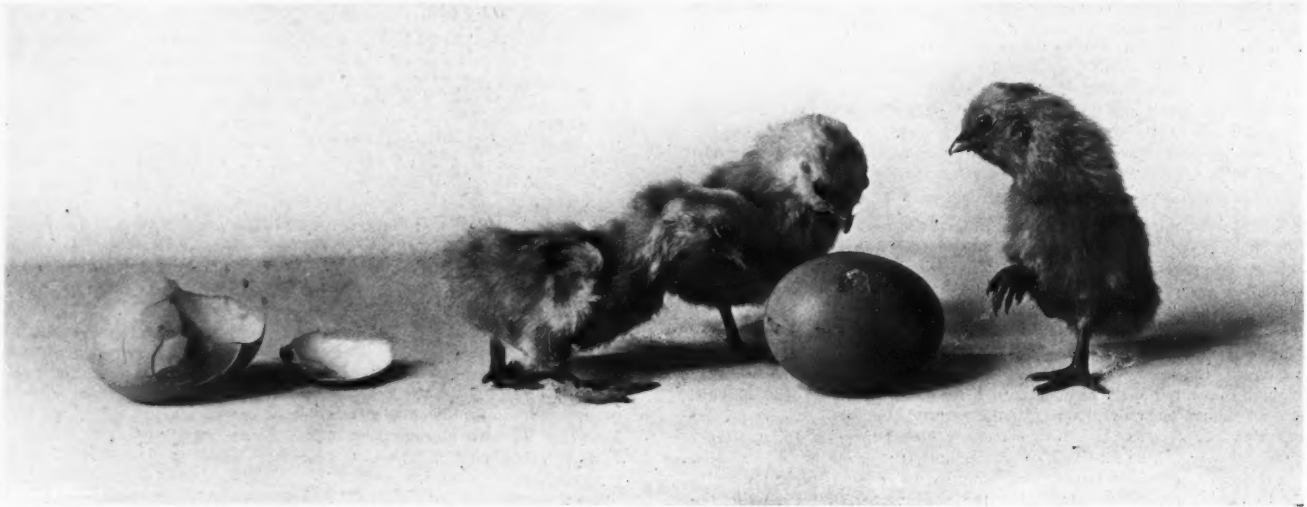
That, daring greatly, cares not though its crown
Shall rest at last, unreached by feet forspent,
Ah, hear us, Lord, and as the sun shines down,
Break Thou for us our winter of content.

H. H. BASHFORD.

THE SMALL FEATHERED FOLK.

DURING the past few weeks, in obedience to the doctor's orders, I have had my quarters at a farmhouse, living on honest fare and spending such fine days as have come stretched out in a hammock, partly reading innumerable novels, and partly dreaming the time away, with a sleepy observation of the small livestock that haunt the precincts of the house. The farmer and his wife are practical people, and what once must have been a very beautiful lawn, where some of the former tenants of the farmhouse probably played bowls and took their ease, is now

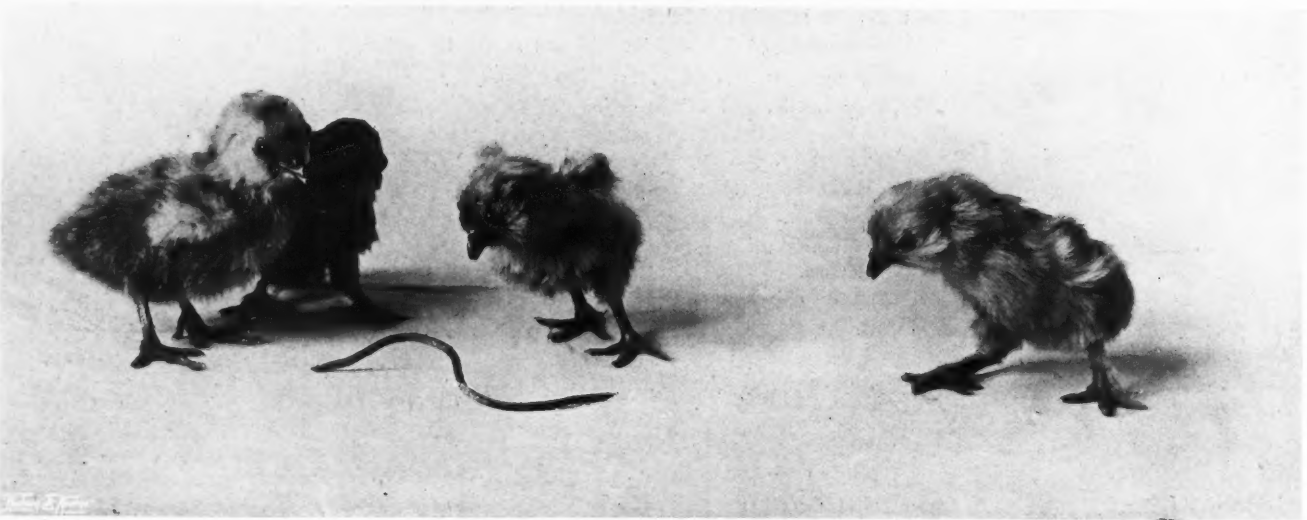
dotted over with chicken coops stored with eggs that are in various states of incubation. It is the privilege of the sick to make philosophies, and in one of those faint lights that are only relieved of their pathos by their absurdity, I seem to have seen the dawning of human intelligence in the small creatures that emerge from their shells. I was tempted to find words for my musings from seeing the most ingenious photographs that are meant to decorate this article; but before proceeding with my tale I must say that the chicks of which pictures are here given are neither those of the farmyard nor of

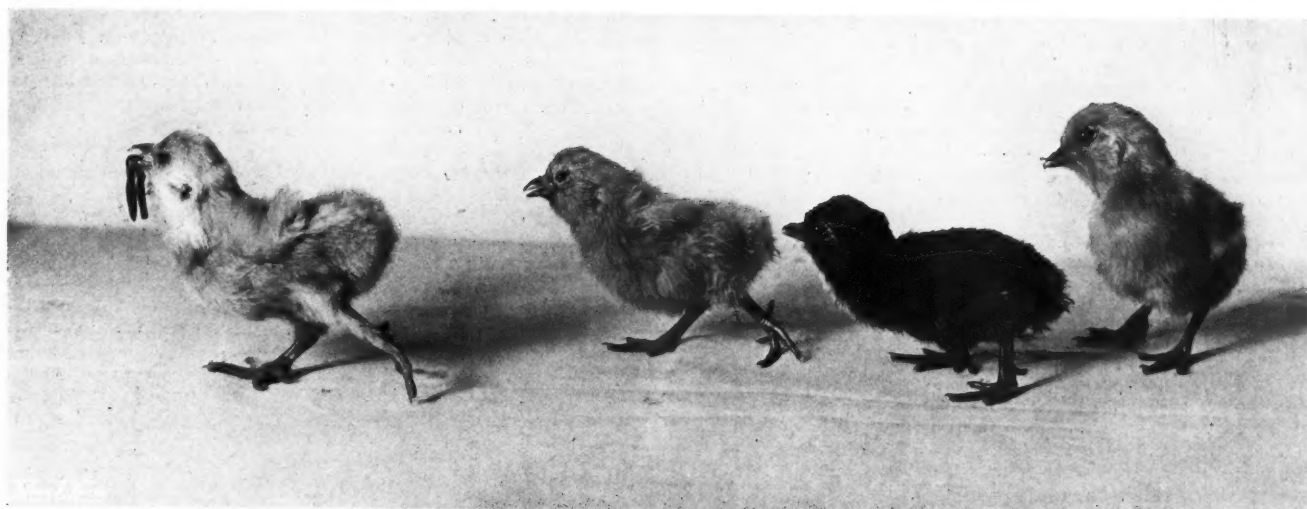
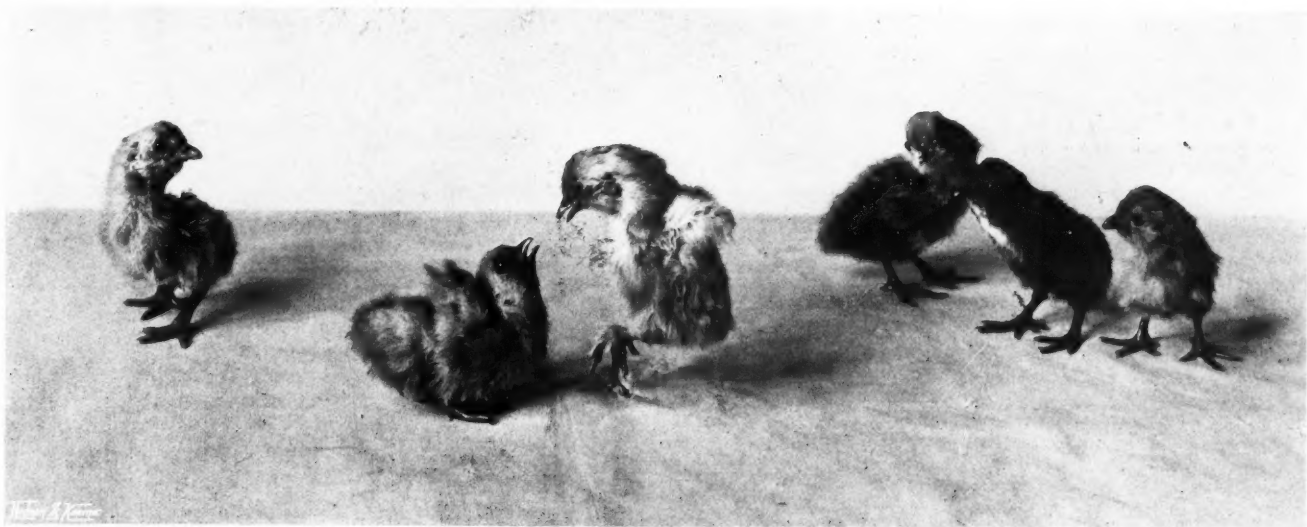
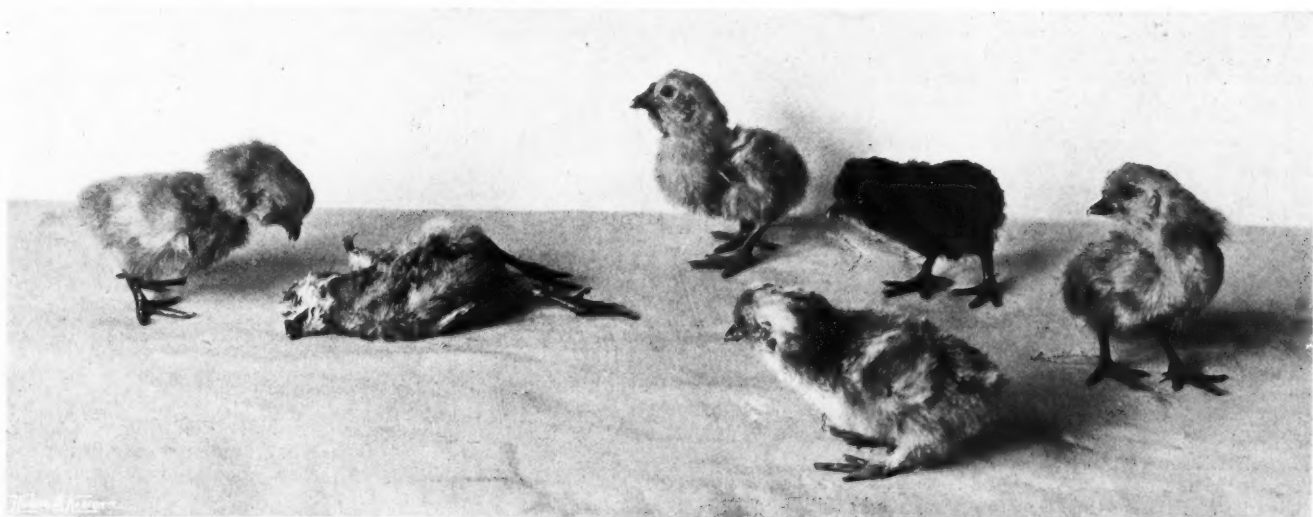


EXPECTATION. NOTE CHIPPED SHELL.



A LATE ARRIVAL.



*POSSESSION NINE POINTS OF THE LAW.**SPOILING FOR THE FIGHT.*

Carine Cadby.

THE TRAGEDY.

Copyright.

my fancy. They behave themselves at once with more and less intelligence than I desire. One never realises exactly what is meant by blind instinct till a chicken has been closely watched after emerging from the shell. Like so many other creatures, it makes a frail and feeble entry into the world, with strength just sufficient to uncoil itself out of the doubled-up position in which it awaited the hour of birth. The old hen has an exaggerated, but undiscerning, motherliness; her maternity is, so to speak, abstract. She sits with what appears to be loving patience on her eggs, but cares nothing whether they are her own eggs or not. In point of fact, those that were hatched out in the coops, of which mention has been made, were collected on a different part of the farm altogether, and set under

the hens as they became broody. Thus the bird's care is all extended to help the offspring of another. So little does she know that she would sit as contentedly on thirteen pieces of chalk as on thirteen eggs, and though she waxes valiant in defence of her brood, it takes some time before she knows them as hers; for I have noticed that when two broods are brought out in the neighbourhood of one another, it will often happen that one of the small creatures is not sure exactly which hen she has to regard as a mother, and wanders disconsolately from one coop to another. In a very short time, however, one hen definitely adopts this doubtful offspring, and will fight for it just as bravely as for any of the others, while it will be pecked away by any other hen. These hens themselves are subjects for curious study. Most of them

have become wasted almost to skeletons before the chickens come out, yet it is as though courage had been poured into them in the shape of a liquid. They all become braver than they were before, and yet not all equally brave. They soon come to know which one has the mastery over the rest, which they can repulse and which they must fly from. Their principal instincts seem to be to brood over their chickens, and it is astonishing how the considerable family can be cloaked and covered up under the mother's wings. When not brooding them she has a perfect mania for scratching in the ground, and this she does with such vigour as often to scratch away the chicks themselves, tumbling them head over heels in her frantic efforts to turn over the earth. If left to wander about the garden and lawn she will scratch wherever the earth is bare, and if, as is most frequently the case, she is tethered by the leg to the coop, she scratches industriously within the area allowed her. The small folk that she has brought into the world enter it with more than primitive innocence. They have no fear, and some time passes before they learn the language of their natural protector. The hen's eyes are sharpened by maternal anxiety, and she is equally alarmed when a tame rabbit, a little fluffy puppy or a cat makes its appearance on the lawn. At sight of it she gives a little warning cluck. Nor is she without the capacity of inventing small devices for enticing them. If free she would run after the chickens, but when tethered and unable to do so, she tries many tricks to allure them. For example, when her note of warning is disregarded, she will often begin a frantic scratching, and utter the cry peculiar to that moment when a particularly abundant and dainty meal is provided, thus appealing to their stomachs when the sense of prudence has been tried in vain. For they are wayward little chicks. They soon begin to learn that they have freedom while their mother is tied by the leg, and further and further they wander, seeking those places where the grass has been allowed to grow, so that they may pick the small seeds that have ripened in the sun. Only at times do they seem to become weary, like children who have played too much. Then they run and snuggle up to their mother, and hide under her wings, and seem to rest content for a long time. Towards the evening, too, they are very like little children, spending the last moments of light in pastime and the endless search for food; but as the daylight dies down in the west, they creep back to their mother like children going home at night, and, after a little preliminary clucking, go to sleep under her shelter. At first the little chicks have no sex, or, at least, no sense of sex. Male and female wander together, and often fight together, without knowing which is which. I never saw a tragedy such as is figured in one of our illustrations, but often the little things spar up to one another and exchange a few tiny and harmless buffets. As in all wild tribes they soon get to know each other's strength, and you can tell beforehand which will run and which will fight at the moment of battle. Very often the little pullets are stronger and braver than the cockerels in these early days, and a very vigorous one will hold her own for a long time; but a moment comes at last when she is mastered. Students of social development are not agreed that there was ever such an institution as marriage by capture by primitive men, but if there were any analogy in chickens it is certain that the male begins by administering to his future spouse a sound beating. However, that is anticipating. All that I meant to do was to sketch the impressions made by these downy youngsters in their very early days.

One little incident that happens almost daily seems to me almost pathetic. In their callow days the chickens evidently look up to their foster-mother as the embodiment of strength and wisdom, just as little children regard their own parents. But disillusion often comes in a rough manner. The man who attends these chickens, though an excellent hand at poultry, is utterly destitute of anything that can be called sentiment. Should an old hand escape from her tether, he very artfully catches her, and fastens a string to the leathern jesses which have been considerately placed in order that her leg may not be hurt. Evidently the chickens regard it as an astonishing fact that a great two-legged monster should prove himself superior in strength to their mother. At first the impulse is to seek her shelter, but it requires very little imagination to see that when eventually they fly from her protection there is a look of dismay

on their faces. It has sometimes made me resolve that if ever it should be my lot to earn a livelihood by keeping poultry, I would make it a matter of paramount importance to honour the self-respect of the foster-mother and not do anything that would lower her in the esteem of the chickens.

AN OLD-FASHIONED ORCHARD.

IT may seem a little out of the way to begin an account of my experiences as the tenant of an orchard with some criticism of what has appeared editorially in COUNTRY LIFE. But it is good to mix the useful with the beautiful.



Ward Muir.

THE OLD PLUM TREE.

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I am very fond of flowers and blossoms, even of the first green leaves that spring brings with it; but not more so than of the fruit which the orchard ought to produce. Now, some time ago, there was in the pages of this paper—quoted, if I remember right, on the authority of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries—some advice about preserving orchard blossom from frost by burning certain stuff in pots, and thereby creating a dense smoke, which, hanging over the trees, slightly raised the temperature and thus acted as a protector of the buds. An account was given of an orchard-owner who had done this with great success, and thereby secured for himself much more fruit than he would otherwise have had. It has been borne in upon me lately that this individual probably had a very large orchard, and that no such advice is of practical use in one of smaller dimensions. My own case will serve as an example. The orchard consists of a considerable number of nut trees, and a good supply of plum and pear and apple trees that have been planted over a very large garden. Now, the point I wish to make is, that although the smoke might have all the effect claimed for it, it will not stay in the neighbourhood of the

trees. On many nights frost comes with extremely still weather, when not a leaf has rustled, and the smoke from any outside fire rises steadily upward in a straight line. But such has not been the case during the present blossoming season. There has been no hard, clear night without something of a breeze, and although it may not have been strong, the wind has been quite sufficient to blow the smoke far away from the orchard. It seems to me that a due allowance for wind was not made in the experiments referred to, and I have watched, with considerable anxiety, the progress of the blossoms. So far, it is satisfactory to be able to say, everything has gone well. In few years has such a splendid display of blossom been witnessed. The plums came into flower later than usual, and, perhaps for this very reason, showed an extraordinary abundance of blossom. The only misfortune that happened to them was that the spring winds of early May scattered the petals on the ground somewhat prematurely, and possibly spoiled some of the setting fruit. Last year was an extremely bad one for plums, and it may well be that the present will make atonement for it. Now the apple trees are in full flower, and they are, to my mind, by far the most beautiful blossoms in the orchard. Where there are many trees together, the fragrance from them scents the whole air and mingles deliciously with that from the lilac now opening into full flower. During the sunny days in the early part of the month the bees, too, were tempted out, and the humming that came from the red and white apple trees made one think that a hive had been set loose in them. Before, the only harvest that I could see the little insects reaping was that from the gooseberry bushes. These flowered just about the usual time and in great profusion. Evidently the bees find plenty of sweets to garner amid the blossom, for they come in swarms to the plantation. They are equally fond of the flowers of the raspberry, and these are just beginning to make their first appearance. In a short time, however, the season of blossoming will be over in the orchards and the fruit will begin to swell. Already the spring flowers are giving place to those of summer. In the orchard referred to a considerable proportion of the trees are growing in grass. No doubt this is a very bad thing from the point of view of the scientific fruit-grower. The grass is not only using up the nourishment of the earth, but it also affords harbourage to innumerable insect pests. If chickens were

allowed to roam the orchard they might possibly keep these down to a certain extent. But the gardener has a particular hatred of what he calls "these scratching vermin," and the grass has been utilised for growing innumerable half-wild things. In it the daffodils come up every year, and brilliantly-tinted tulips show in the vivid green of spring. Long, too, has it been the custom to plant in the turf such hyacinths as had been flowered in glasses. In some respects they are more beautiful if wild than they were when producing the great heavily-scented flowers dear to the florist. They maintain for several years the same bright tints that they had at the beginning, and if the petals are few and far between, they, nevertheless, present bright and attractive spots in the garden. In corners beds of violets have formed themselves, but their reign is a very short one. Long ago the blooms have passed away, and already the dark green of summer has taken their place. Primroses half wild appear here and there, and they have flowered this year in great profusion; but they, too, are on the wane now. In their place have come up masses of bluebells, which at the moment of writing are just coming into their greatest splendour, while on the very edge of the orchard one or two forlorn-looking cowslips have made a home for themselves. The nut plantation has always been a source of study by itself, but it is very old and has been much neglected, so that round the stem of each tree there is a growth of tall straight shoots coming up like saplings. Nevertheless, the crop seems to be a very promising one, as the trees in early spring were covered over with tassels, and showed a million of those tiny spots of vivid red that old country-folk think proclaim a good season. Such is the case with the nuts in the orchard. The provident occupier who some 200 years ago built the house and laid out the grounds took care that the great hedges should also be constructed of hazel, and these in their own wild way are also promising a great crop of nuts to tempt the wandering schoolboy. It would be impossible to leave the orchard without saying one word about the feathered inhabitants attracted to it. No doubt they find it a kind of Paradise. Most of them are of the common sort, although the orchard is situated in a remote part of the country many miles from a station and with nothing but cultivated land round it. Yet few birds of any rarity seem to be attracted to the spot. There are plenty of robins



Ward Muir.

A BLAZE OF WHITE.

Copyright.

that nest in the banks; water-wagtails come in numbers, possibly because of the insects that they can obtain; blue tits are numerous; the chaffinch and the yellow-hammer both come to nest; so do the thrush and the blackbird, to the gardener's indignation. He looks upon them as the greatest pilferers of the air, who eat the plums, spoil the apples and pears by thrusting their bills into them, devour berries of all kinds by the bushel, and generally speaking live on the produce. Perhaps he is right, and it may be said in favour of those who are dependent upon the orchard and the garden for their livelihood that they have to defend their interests against those of the birds.

Luckily, there are many of us who do not need to take this purely commercial view of the case. If the birds steal a certain amount of fruit, they more than make amends by the beauty and music they lend to the orchard. Some are as pretty as the blossoms amid which they range, and others fill the air with song from daylight till dawn, and even after. At this time of year, at any rate, the nightingale pours forth his melody long after the human portion of the population has retired to sleep. Its



Ward Muir.

SPRAYS OF PLUM BLOSSOM.

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companion, the cuckoo, is but too insistent in the later part of the spring, welcome as its call may be when first heard.

SHOOTING.

ROOK-SHOOTING.

THE crow tribe, we are told, more nearly approaches the level of human intelligence than any other class of bird. This is probably true. The raven will follow the deer-stalker through a long day because he knows from experience that his supper is almost assured. The carrion crow sometimes presumes on the innocence of man and on his likeness to his cousin the rook. A pair of these shy birds are at this moment nesting in the writer's garden, within 100yds. of his house. The magpie is the embodiment of cunning; the merry jackdaw is little inferior to him. The rook fearlessly congregates in tall trees close to man's abode, in spite of the fact that experience must have revealed to him that man, ordinarily humane and friendly, is for two or three weeks an unsparing enemy to the black-plumaged young on whom in their nursery days so much care and affection have been lavished. The gregarious habit rules, though if the rooks scattered to nest, as the crows do, they would, for the most part, rear their young in peace.

The middle of May still sees, as it has seen for generations past, the annual slaughter of the innocents. Man is always disturbing the balance of Nature, and having in some rough-and-ready way to rectify it by such clumsy means as are at his command. The farmer has always classed the rook among his enemies at certain seasons and desired to see his numbers kept within bounds. It is, perhaps, because he has presumed on the good character formerly given to him by the public that *Corvus frugilegus* has forfeited something of his old reputation. It is certain that he is fairly omnivorous, and that eggs or tiny chickens, as well as grubs and wireworms, have attractions for him. The agriculturist makes loud complaint if he is allowed to multiply unchecked. The young rook who once grows out of babyhood sufficiently far to be strong on the wing will probably live the term of his natural life without giving a fair chance to the gunner. Hence the justification for dealing with him while still at a tender age. If the sport be not exciting, yet it has something of the excuse of necessity; its interest and charm rest partly on its being the only form of shooting to be had in spring (if we except pigeon-shooting and the cult of the target), but much more on its coinciding with the moment when spring is at her freshest and her best. You stand among the lilac bushes in the shrubbery to shoot up into the tall trees by the house; your feet are among the cowslips when you attack the nests in the clumps in the park. In the spinney, beneath the tall ash trees of the main rookery, the nettles are still short

and tender, and by the brook which skirts it the kingcups are still blazing with ruddy gold. Though there are reputed to be far fewer rooks than in old times, before so much arable had been laid down to grass, the thick-headed old oak near the coppice seems to have its full complement of nests. The old keeper will tell you of a pure white rook having been killed here some thirty years ago.

The methods of the present day are, of course, not those of old times. A hundred years ago, that sporting parson, the Rev. W. B. Daniel, speaking of rook-shooting, implies that the crossbow was a weapon very commonly used. He says, after mentioning the ancient crossbow, "The bullet Bows are of modern and much neater construction, and their accuracy, when once set, is astonishing; the splitting a ball upon the Edge of a Knife, however extraordinary it may sound, is to be performed by a Novice, at a distance from 15yds. to 20yds.; and the Ball will be thrown with the same unerring Certainty for fifty times successively." The writer confesses with shame that in such experiments as he has been able to make with the crossbow, he has never been able to attain, even approximately, to results of this class.

The shot-gun always has been called in, and no doubt always will be, to assist the rifle when there are young ones too active to afford a sitting shot. And, indeed, many of the shots they offer when flying are difficult enough. But the rifle is, of course, the rook-shooting weapon *par excellence*. The muzzle-loader of old times, firing a round ball which in these days we should class as a large one, propelled by a mere pinch of powder, was a very accurate and effective weapon for the purpose. Daniel gives way to the temptation to enlarge upon the skill in its use which was shown by two Hampshire brothers of his time, Richard and Edward Toomer. Of the former he tells the following anecdote: "Some little time previous to his Death, he went to *Moyles Court*, near *Ringwood*, for a Day's Rook-shooting; he made some trifling Bet with Mr. Mist that he killed more Birds with his Rifle and a single ball than Mr. Mist did with his Fowling-piece and shot. The number of Shots was limited to twenty. Mr. T. killed every shot, Mr. M. nineteen, and he expressed his surprise at the Event, remarking that, as the Trees were very lofty, Mr. T.'s Eyesight must be superior to that of others. Mr. T.'s answer was, 'I will convince you, my Friend, there is not such wonderful Eyesight required, and that what you have seen is not so difficult as you imagine'; he selected a Rook, levelled his Rifle, and then desired Mr. Mist to tie a handkerchief over his Eyes, so that he was in perfect Darkness; after this was done he fired, and brought down the Bird; he reloaded, and

repeated this a *second time* with the same effect, to the Astonishment of many Spectators." This was indeed a remarkable performance. Still more wonderful was R. Toomer's skill in shooting flying. Daniel asserts that for a considerable wager he shot six pigeons (from the trap) out of ten with a single ball, and that he and his brother, shooting alternately, had on one occasion killed eight pigeons out of twelve with their rifles and a single ball, and hit a ninth, which did not fall. Such feats, performed, as they were, with the flintlock, may well make us poor moderns rub our eyes. It was R. Toomer, by the way, who broke a sow to point and retrieve game; she had a nose superior to that of any pointer he ever had.

The percussion lock followed the flintlock, and the pointed bullet the round one, and in fulness of time the breech-loader superseded the muzzle-loader. The calibre of rook rifles gradually became less. The .360 and .380 rifles of twenty-five years ago, very small bores in their day, yielded to none in accuracy. By degrees it was understood that they were unduly powerful, and their place was taken by such rifles as the .295 and the .250. The American calibre of .220 has more and more come into use of late years, owing in a large measure to the advent of the rifle club movement, and there is no more accurate tool for rook-shooting. It is only within the last few months that really good cartridges of British make, and loaded with smokeless powder, have been produced for this rifle; but such are now to be had, and they leave nothing to be desired, being as cheap as they are excellent. If this small calibre has a fault, it is that the small and light bullet does not so easily penetrate through leaves and twigs without being diverted as larger and heavier bullets. On the other hand, it does not damage the bird seriously in killing him, which is more than can be said for the bigger projectiles.

It is many years since an old sportsman, who as a boy might have known Parsen Daniel, introduced the writer to the rooks at nesting-time. His advice was, to get the rook facing towards you, so that the head and body should be fully exposed, as then some want of accuracy in elevation should not spoil the shot. The front shot also removes the great snare offered by the side shot, that of imagining the body of the rook to be approximately in the middle of its length, whereas it is the root of the tail which really occupies that position. To get the full satisfaction of marksmanship at rooks, the shooter must not shoot to the score; the most satisfactory kills are those of vigorous young fliers, perching for a few moments in a tree some distance away and ready to take flight on the first alarm. Such a bird is not rarely missed, and has to be taken in whatever position he offers; but the shot, if successful, rewards the marksman more than the death of half-a-dozen easy "sitters." The shooter must in humanity refrain from firing at an old bird should the chance offer itself; her family might probably starve, and she is useless for food.

Rook pie is something of a delicacy, and would be more widely appreciated if it were not for the prejudice which has so much to say to our likes and dislikes. It was the naturalist Waterton who served up to his friends a pie of young carrion crows; they would certainly never have eaten it had they known its real composition. As things were it was pronounced excellent, though much disgust was expressed when the truth was revealed.

THETA.

THE RED GROUSE.

ALTHOUGH perhaps not quite such a fascinating bird as his near relative the beautiful ptarmigan, the red grouse—*Lagopus scoticus*—has, nevertheless, a great charm on his native hillside as he rises near the intruder with a noisy "kirk-kobak-kobak." The grouse is, I believe, to be found nowhere outside the British Isles, and is far less plentiful on the West Coast than in the East and centre of Scotland, the reason being that along the west seaboard very little heather is met with, owing to the excessive rainfall, and thus the grouse does not find congenial haunts. Elevation seems to be of little consideration to these hardy birds, and they nest on moors at sea-level and up to the elevation of a little over 3,000ft., which is the highest level at which I have ever found a nest. At this height they have as their companions the ptarmigan, and very occasionally a cross between the two birds is met with. Their nesting season is comparatively early, considering the storms they are subject to on the mountains, and often a later snow-storm than usual plays havoc with their nests. Especially was this the case during the spring of 1906, when about the third week of May a very severe blizzard visited nearly the whole of Scotland. In places drifts of great depth were rapidly formed, and in one district, after the storm, a keeper found no less than nine hen grouse dead on their nests during a single morning's walk on the moors. In another case a keeper told me that a certain grouse had just finished laying, but had not commenced to brood, when the storm came on and covered nest and eggs with many inches of snow. The hen bird, however, remained near by for over a week, until the eggs once more appeared from beneath the snow, when she took up the duties of incubation and

hatched out her brood as if nothing had happened. However, many of the birds were not so fortunate, and in several instances I saw a pair of old birds with only one or two young ones, and in some cases none at all. Yet the most extraordinary thing about it was that the shooting season was the most successful for years, and on a moor which suffered more than any bags of 140 brace and more were got for days on end. The only explanation seems to be that in the majority of cases the birds had only just commenced to brood, and so were able to lay a second clutch within a short time, for as late as the end of August I came upon young birds still weak on the wing. A shepherd informed me that at the beginning of that month he had flushed a hen from her nest so weak that she was unable to fly, having probably sat on her eggs for two months at least, as most likely these had been rendered infertile by the May snow-storm. I think, however, that, as regards late nesting, the ptarmigan is easily first, for as late as September 23rd I have seen and photographed a ptarmigan chick not yet fully grown, and on that date came upon a ptarmigan's egg which I should say was not more than a fortnight old at the outside. Grouse have been known to nest as early as February, but, personally, I have never seen the nest before the end of April, and the usual nesting-time is the first three weeks of May. The nest is, as a rule, made among fairly long heather or ling, and is well hidden. The eggs number from six to twelve, sometimes even more. They are beautifully speckled, and blotched with dark brown, and harmonise very well indeed with the surrounding heather. The hen is a fairly close sitter, especially when incubation is far advanced; but even then is not nearly so easy to photograph as the ptarmigan, which one can often stroke without causing her to leave the nest. Last spring I discovered a hen grouse brooding on the exceptionally large clutch of eleven eggs, and, as she was sitting hard and I had no camera with me, the day being Sunday, I returned next afternoon, and after a long climb reached the nest, which was situated high up the slopes of a mountain well on to 3,000ft. high. But, unfortunately, the position of the sitting bird was such that her head was under the shadow of a neighbouring tuft of grass, so, although a good negative resulted, the bird was almost impossible to make out in the print. But in natural history photography one soon becomes resigned to all sorts of disappointments; so I put the bird off her eggs and retired behind a neighbouring hillock, hoping that on her return the hen would sit more obligingly. As I was lying in my place of concealment, the sun set in full splendour beyond the mighty hills to the north-west, on which the winter snow still lay in deep wreaths untouched by the summer sun. Suddenly in the distance that most beautiful of all the sounds of the bird world, the clear, mournful whistle of the soaring curlew, was borne up from the moors to me, and every now and again the wailing pipe of the golden plover, which were nesting freely in the neighbourhood, and the call of a cock grouse, as he settled down for the night, disturbed the silence of the evening. At length, after a wait of close on an hour, I ventured back to the nest; but, alas, the mother grouse had not yet returned, and so I had to give up the attempt for the day, having had my ten miles' journey for nothing. On my way down the hill, a cock grouse rose at my feet in a great state of excitement, and, looking about, I saw crouching low on the ground a hen bird with her children beneath her wings. To photograph her required a good deal of careful stalking; but in the evening, when the frost begins to be felt, the old birds are more confiding than during the day, as the young birds would, if left uncovered, die of cold in a very short time. Although on this occasion my photographs of the brooding grouse on the nest were not satisfactory, I was determined to make another attempt, and a day or two later set out in the early morning, so as to get the sun in a good position. This particular hillside is a very favourite one with the red grouse, and on my way up the hill I came upon, perhaps, half-a-dozen nests, from several of which the young birds had just been hatched. My grouse was sitting obligingly close as usual; but, unfortunately, I almost walked on her before noticing her, and, to my dismay, she fluttered off at my feet in a great state of alarm; it was well for her that she did so, for my next footstep would have been right on top of her. However, hoping for the best, I walked on about half a mile, and then lay and waited for her return. A pair of curlew had young somewhere near, and for long they hovered suspiciously round me, uttering their whistle, "whoo-ee, whoo-ee," while several pairs of golden plover joined in expressing their resentment at my intrusion in no half-hearted fashion. Presently, however, all quieted down, and I had the rare experience of listening to a skylark pouring out its rich song at a height of about 2,000ft. above sea-level. I had just started to return to the nest, when a couple of grouse rose at my feet, and by their behaviour I surmised that they had young, which turned out to be the case. I think that perhaps young grouse are more difficult to discover than any other young birds; but at length I found three or four downy youngsters only a few hours old hiding in the heath, and the nest, containing two infertile eggs, was only a few yards off.

Marking the spot with my handkerchief, I returned as fast as possible for my camera; but by the time I got back, a few minutes later, the tiny youngsters had gone through long heather and ling a distance of between 10yds. and 20yds., which is rather an extraordinary record for such small chicks in so very short a time. On returning to my grouse nest I was delighted to find the hen sitting as close as ever, and succeeded in getting some very good pictures of her on the nest at a distance of about 6ft. Sometimes a dwarf egg is found in a nest, and I have one which is little bigger than a blackbird's. The period of incubation is between seventeen and twenty-one days, depending somewhat, I think, on the altitude of the nesting site and the amount of frost experienced. At times the hen grouse will nest on an islet in a bog, and in such a position it must be a very difficult undertaking to get her young through the marsh. Often the hens are greatly disturbed by ants, and I have seen a nest from which the mother bird had just risen swarming with these insects, so probably she had been having a very uncomfortable time of it. By the end of June the majority of the young grouse are strong on the wing, for the young of both the grouse and the ptarmigan are able to fly long before they are full grown, and when only little bigger than sparrows. It is remarkable how the behaviour of the parent birds changes when once the chicks are hatched. When they have only eggs the hen bird when flushed usually flies straight away, and the cock whirrs off as if he had no nest in the vicinity. When the hen's patience has been rewarded, however, and she is the proud mother of seven or eight healthy chicks, all this changes. Both birds are constantly on the look-out for enemies, and the hen grouse will rise at your feet and flop along ahead of you as if badly wounded. Sometimes, even, she will not take wing at all, but will walk gently off, every now and again looking back at you reproachfully. The cock bird behaves in much the same way, only he does not appear so anxious about his chicks as the hen. When a pair of golden eagles are found near a grouse moor, they take enormous toll of the "bonny brown birds." Often the eagle will chase a covey of grouse without any apparent reason other than that of enjoying himself, and it is astonishing to see how easily he catches them up without a movement of his wings, although his victims are flying for their very lives. Usually in an eagles' eyrie containing a couple of eaglets will be found a grouse or two perfectly fresh and half-plucked, for the eagles always make a point of thoroughly plucking all their prey before offering them to their young. I once saw a cock grouse, which had fallen out of an eyrie, with his crop packed full of tender heather shoots, showing that he had made a hearty meal just before being captured by the king of birds. As the summer wears on the grouse form into packs, and as early as August 18th I have seen fully fifty together, flying high and steadily as though changing their feeding-grounds. During the winter months they often have difficulty in obtaining sufficient food when all the country-side is covered with a deep coating of snow. Then they descend to

the fields, and wander about among the stubbles, picking up any grains of corn they can find. If the harvest is a backward one, and the crops are not all secured before the snow comes, the farmers in the upland districts often suffer great damage to their crops, as the grouse descend in great numbers, and would devour nearly every grain of corn were not the farm hands constantly sent to the fields to scare them off. SETON P. GORDON.

RUMOURS OF GROUSE DISEASE.

SOME of the optimists, in making their forecasts of the prospects, have been quite enthusiastic about the good which is likely to result from the apparently evil weather just before the nesting-time of the grouse, because of its tendency, which we have noticed previously, to drive the grouse away from the hollows in which there would be risk of their nests becoming water-logged and to induce them to nest on the higher and safer ground. On the other hand, within the last day or two, we have begun to hear rumours—at the moment of writing not yet authenticated—of true "disease" in Elgin. The pathologists of the Grouse Disease Commission, who have been languishing so long in want of diseased subjects to investigate, will perhaps be cheered by this hitherto unconfirmed rumour, but shooters and the public generally will hope sincerely that it may not be accurate. It is just at such a time as this, when the grouse stock is plentiful and apparently very healthy, that the disease has been wont to make its mysterious attacks.

ARTIFICIAL NESTS FOR PHEASANTS.

It is probable that if people realised how readily pheasants will lay in nests artificially made up for them, especially if rendered more attractive by one or two "dummy," or imitation, eggs placed in them for the hen to "lay to," the system would be tried a good deal more generally than it is. It saves the keeper a great deal of trouble in searching for eggs—far more than the trouble which the making of the nests costs him. It is assumed, of course, that there is an intention of picking up a large number of the eggs laid, in order to give them a more careful mothering under the barndoor hen than the heedless pheasant mother will bestow. The system does not apply to coverts in which it is intended to let the birds bring up their own broods, so as to be really "wild" pheasants. The readiness of pheasants to lay in any kind of nest, whether prepared for them or no, is well known, and it needs no special art to construct nests to satisfy them.

PHEASANT SITTING ON BLACKBIRD'S NEST.

A very remarkable instance of their indifference and carelessness in this regard has been told us by a correspondent, and it is singular in itself, as well as by way of illustration of this peculiarity of the pheasant. This case in point was one in which a pheasant was found sitting on a blackbird's nest built in a low thorn bush. At the time of the keeper finding the hen pheasant thus sitting there were young blackbirds, already hatched, in the nest, and on the ground beneath was a single pheasant's egg. The explanation of this extraordinary spectacle may be left to the reader's ingenuity of conjecture. It has been suggested that the pheasant laid in the blackbird's nest, and that the proper owners ejected the immense intruding egg, or again that while sitting in the nest the pheasant laid the egg over the edge. Whatever the explanation may be, the fact is singular enough, and is perfectly well authenticated. Instances are not wanting of pheasants laying in wood-pigeons' nests placed in low trees, so that the blackbird and pheasant incident is not altogether without parallels.

[Further notes on Shooting will be found on our later pages.]

ON THE GREEN.

THE LADIES' OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

WEATHER more antipathetic to accurate golf than that which prevailed at Newcastle, County Down, last week, during the ladies' championship, could hardly be imagined. A fierce wind, and sometimes rain, but always wind, were the disheartening conditions. The two middle days were the worst, and then the elements swelled to the dignity of a gale. Happily, however, on the concluding day the weather practically forgot its violent mood, and when the final was played the wind had become but a stiff breeze, while it was fine overhead. Naturally the conditions exercised a serious influence on the play, and were responsible for many a victory and many a reverse. The meeting, indeed, supplied an emphatic example of the survival of the fittest, the tendency all through being for the robust players and the strong hitters to win their ties. There was one competitor

more than any other whose chances the wind favoured. This was Miss D. Campbell of Musselburgh, the Scottish champion, who enjoys a just reputation for excelling in a wind,



THE LADIES' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS TYNTE DRIVING.



MISS WALKER LEIGH ON THE EIGHTH TEE.

and who has figured in the semi-final of the open championship each year since 1904—three times in all. Most unfortunately a sharp attack of influenza not only kept her out of the international matches, but so weakened her that, quite unable to do herself justice, she was put out in the very first round, her vanquisher being Miss Violet Hezlet. Another prominent Scottish player also failed to survive the initial round, Miss A. Glover of Elie, who suffered defeat at the hands of Miss M. E. Stuart (Portrush) by 2 and 1. Considerable interest circled round the play of the American sisters, the Misses M. and H. Curtis, the latter champion of the U.S.A. Both reached the third round, but not without great difficulty, Miss H. Curtis being taken to the nineteenth hole by Miss Violet Hezlet in the second round, while in the first round Miss M. Curtis could not beat Miss D. Robertson (St. Nicholas) till twenty holes had been played. The third round, however, brought disaster to the Americans, Miss M. Curtis losing to Miss May Hezlet by 3 and 2, while her sister was routed by Miss M. Titterton (Musselburgh) in hollow fashion by 9 and 7. In extenuation of this crushing defeat it should be said that Miss Titterton played marvellous golf, going out—the course being at its full stretch—in thirty-eight strokes, one better than Bogey, while Miss Curtis had scarcely recovered from the fatigue of the hard match of the morning. In the long game and on the green the Misses Curtis are the equals of the best ladies here. In approaching, however, it would seem they have not yet attained to an equal degree of accuracy, while in consistency and resourcefulness they are also their inferiors. As they intend competing in next year's championship at St. Andrews they will have an opportunity of showing that the above assessment of their qualities is ungenerous. The fourth round held only two close matches, Miss F. Walker Leigh, the Irish champion, getting the better of Miss B. Thompson, open champion in 1905, by 2 and 1, while Miss Titterton beat Mrs. Durlacher in a desperate match on the eighteenth green, after being four down at the turn. This latter was a most popular victory, the winner being accorded a tremendous ovation by the caddies who thronged the home green. Most unexpectedly, this player was beaten in the next round by Miss V. Henry Anderson, a clubmate, to whom in club competitions Miss Titterton would concede seven or eight strokes. The other three players to reach the semi-final were Miss Tynte and the Misses May and Florence Hezlet, all members of Royal Portrush. The elder Miss Hezlet was pressed very hard by Miss Tynte, a sturdy, steady player, who took infinite pains with every shot and allowed nothing to perturb her, the match not finishing till the last green. The other semi-final was a runaway affair, Miss Florence Hezlet, whose fine golf had been one of the features of the meeting, winning by 7 and 6. Not since 1897, ten years ago, when the Misses Orr contested the

final, had two sisters met in the final round. That the elder sister would win, and this by virtue of her seniority rather than of any superiority in her play, was a fairly general opinion. In expectation of a close fight and good play a large and heterogeneous crowd followed the match. The younger sister opened with a win, her opponent knocking her ball into the hole in essaying a half stymie. Miss Florence Hezlet held this advantage all the way out, and led at the turn by one hole, the half-round having cost her forty-three strokes to her sister's forty-four. Perfect threes at the tenth were followed by a win for Miss May Hezlet at the eleventh, and the match was square. A half followed, and then, as the result of weak putting on her sister's part, Miss May Hezlet led for the first time—1 up and 5 to play. From that point Miss

Florence Hezlet developed a fatal inaccuracy, and stood 2 down at the sixteenth. With a fine drive against the wind and a well-played approach she went very near to winning the seventeenth hole, but her putt for a 3 just failed, and her sister, getting down in 4, won by 2 and 1, and became holder of the title for the third time. Had she been playing anyone but her sister, Miss Florence Hezlet would undoubtedly have won. Whether it is tradition or superstition or that more tangible malady "nerves" that prevents her beating her sister, one cannot say; but there it is, and Miss Florence Hezlet never can compass this particular victory. This is all the more regrettable because she is such a very fine golfer, and on her play in the championship deserved to be champion this year. Her tee and brassie shots would put many a male golfer to the blush, and there is nothing amiss with her short game, while her play all round is characterised by extreme



A DRIVE BY MISS FLORENCE HEZLET.

gracefulness and a freedom from mannerism and fussiness that deserves many imitators. EUSTACE E. WHITE.

THE CRICKETER'S RECATANTION.

IT is always pleasing to find that the golfer, like the sturdy old Jacobite, comes to his own again. The golfer has always maintained, despite the ridicule consistently poured upon his contention by cricketers and others, that, with perhaps the solitary exception of real tennis, no modern ball game is so difficult as golf to play well. Many of us can recall the cricketer's lofty scorn of "Scotch croquet," as being a game so easy to play that it needed hardly any practice, and when he was invited to try his luck with a club and a ball at the tee, he usually imposed silence upon your inopportune frivolity

by retorting that he would try such a shot somewhere in the indefinite period known as "old age." Since those early days, however, the cricketer has sung a different tune. He has become more reverential as a golf disciple. He has taken off his pads and his spiked boots, and he has crept into the Golfer's Temple in the spirit of a worshipper who enters tardily, but at last, with a sweet serenity of conviction. Indeed, one of the remarkable facts about golf in the last year or two is this altered point of view towards a game that the cricketer frankly despised. Ever and anon golfers have read, not without a chuckle, the reasoned and sober disquisitions about golf from the pen of Dr. W. G. Grace. He has discussed the grip and other points of golfing technique with the candour of a man whose increasing familiarity with the golfer's art in his own practice of the game convinces him that superficial and ill-founded prejudice can never be a safe guide to follow in attaining a complete understanding of the delicate mysteries of another pastime. And in alliance with that great cricketer comes the dictum of a young cricketer, who may be taken to represent the modern school of cricket in its relation to golf and other games. This is Mr. Gilbert Jessop, the Gloucestershire cricketer. A few days ago he wrote an article in which he discussed the often-debated question whether golf or cricket is the more difficult game. As he writes with a



MISS MAY HEZLET, THE WINNER.

familiarity with both games, and has, besides, no encrusted prejudices of mature years to get rid of, his opinion is of more than ordinary value at a moment when the ranks of golfers are being fast recruited by the energetic young men who in earlier years swore undivided fealty to the cricket goddess throughout their college days and early manhood.

What Mr. Jessop mainly directs his attention to is the fallacy nurtured persistently by all cricketers, young as well as old, that it is easier to hit a dead ball than a ball which is sent down to the batsman on a beautiful piece of lawn by the bowler's arm. When one looks for the first time at the proposition which creates the distinction between the two balls, and without any practical experience of the two games to help one to a decision, it would appear that it ought to be easier to hit the dead ball both sure and far than the swift ball sent by the bowler with lightning pace and awkward spin from wicket to wicket. But the difference between the cricketer and the golfer lies in this radical distinction. The conditions of the cricket stroke are made for the cricketer by the art of the bowler; the golfer, on the other hand, has to create his own stroke wherever the ball may be lying, and he has to guide its flight through the air, perhaps with a strong cross wind blowing, by means of the

appropriate club and the correct timing of the blow. There is no comparison between the cricketer and the golfer in the range and variety of stroke which each is compelled to play. The most finished cricketer in style and dash has a very limited area in which to show his command of strokes against a live ball when put in contrast with our leading golf professionals. The cricketer is tied to his wicket, and all his strokes are less or more circumscribed by his attention being primarily fixed upon its defence. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is the bowler, and not the batsman, who exacts a particular cricket stroke; and the cricketer is distinctly limited in his range of hits by the good or indifferent art of the bowler. The golfer, however, has no such limitations. The dead ball, the bad lie, the sand in the bunker, the heather and long grass, the hanging lie, the direction and strength of the wind, the sun, the fog and the rain are a few of the infinitude of factors which confront him at every stroke he plays. The natural conditions of his game are not stereotyped for him as they are with the cricketer. Myriad diversity is what confronts him, and the skill of the golfer only becomes superlative when this perplexing variety is overcome by the science he reveals in making successive strokes with the different clubs in his bag. Hence it is that the dead ball of the golfer becomes the severest of tyrannical taskmasters in exacting such a variety of strokes in playing the game really well as cannot possibly come within the remotest ken of the cricketer. Considerations of these differences between the strokes in the two games have impelled Mr. Jessop to come to the right conclusion when he says that it is "a mistake to suppose that, because a cricketer is able to negotiate successfully a cricket ball hurtling along at express rate, the striking of a stationary ball is to him a much easier task. Quite the reverse—it is more difficult."

THE PARLIAMENTARY TOURNAMENT.

ACCORDING to the system of rotation which has been adopted within the past few years, it was the privilege of the Imperial legislators to visit this year "the rolling links of Rye," and there to play the first two rounds of the annual tournament on Saturday last. The entry this year marks a steady increase in the number of golfers who, in successive Parliaments that are elected by the constituencies of the United Kingdom, show a great deal of familiarity with the game. Not only is this fact evidence of the continued spread of golf among all classes of the community, but every Parliamentary tournament as it occurs gives unmistakable evidence that the general standard of play is rapidly improving. This year, as in former years, a large body of our legislators left Victoria by special train at nine o'clock on Saturday morning, and in an hour and a-half the earliest couples were trying their best to keep their ball from going out of bounds at the first tee at Rye. A large number of visitors, among whom the number of ladies dressed in light summer costumes was particularly prominent, had driven over by motor-car from Hastings, Folkestone, Littlestone and other towns in the neighbourhood. They had taken up their positions on the sloping hillside above the first tee, and from this vantage-ground they were enabled not only to see the tee shot, but also the whole of the play to the holing out on the first green. Many of the ladies were armed with cameras, and as the more prominent politicians took up their position on the first tee to submit themselves to the terrible ordeal of driving through the narrow gap which leads to the first hole, they must have been all more or less conscious of the ominous click of the camera shutter, whose faithfully recording virtues has at least given all of us the less or more chastened pleasure "of seeing ourselves as others see us." Perhaps of all the members of the tournament no one suffered so much from the persistent attentions of the young ladies with cameras as Mr. Balfour. Quite a select crowd followed him in his match with Sir Kenneth Muir Mackenzie, and when a tie was declared at the eighteenth hole, and another deciding hole had to be played, the little army of amateur photographers was considerably augmented. It was really amusing to watch the young and enthusiastic damsels tracking Mr. Balfour in order to manœuvre their positions so as to get the effective force of the best light, and to catch the right hon. gentleman at the moment when he had the club poised in the air. Mr. Balfour was, no doubt, conscious of the kindly attention that was being given to his game; but, in the true philosophic spirit of statesman and golfer, he showed no trace either of worry or of discontent. The day was lovely in its brilliant warm sunshine, and the course was in beautiful order. The couples who started early in the morning played their game to the accompaniment of a slight cooling breeze which came off the sea. This little volume of wind, however, had completely died down by luncheon-time, and when the second round was entered upon the players had to contend with a sweltering heat which was in the highest degree fatiguing. In the hollows going out, and along the strath from the ninth hole back to the sixteenth, with the large sandhills acting as a rampart against any gentle breeze that might come from the sea, the players felt the full fury of the hot sun which so unexpectedly beat upon their heads with tropical fury. On the whole, however, this year's gathering at Rye was one of the most enjoyable annual outings in which the Parliamentary golfers have taken a part. The most noteworthy feature of the day's matches was the number of players who had to decide their fortunes on the nineteenth green. Six matches were decided at the nineteenth hole, among them being those of Mr. Balfour against Sir Kenneth Muir Mackenzie, and Mr. Alfred Lyttelton against Sir John Dickson Poynder. In all those matches the play was a good example of hard give and take, and Mr. Lyttelton was particularly unfortunate with his last putt for a three, his ball lipping the hole and coming out by an inch or two. The day's play was disastrous to all the Parliamentary "cracks," for Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, Mr. H. W. Forster, Mr. Mitchell-Thomson and a few other low handicap players found that the odds they had to concede were a little too heavy for the high quality of the play shown by their opponents.

A. J. ROBERTSON.